Our Free Zeppelin Coupon will be found on Page 19.

JOHN BULL

Vol. XX. No. 539 | SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1916. | ONE PENNY

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

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For meaning of this number see page 20.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If Britain to itself do rest but true.

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

Bottled up Energy

—an apt description of a flask of Bitro-phosphate tablets, because these tablets literally create new energy.

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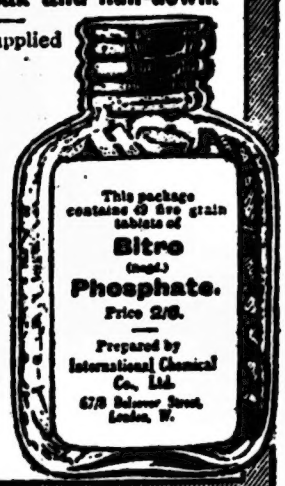

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JOHN BULL

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XX. No. 539. Week ending Saturday, September 30th, 1916. One Penny.

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER.*"

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

The Premier's Loss.

We are glad that we recently asked our readers to brush aside those sinister whispers about Mr. Asquith's pro-German sentiments. Perhaps the death in action of his eldest, and brilliant, son will now silence the slanderers. With two others fighting—one seriously wounded—and his own brain racked day and night with the burden of his great office—what further sacrifice can he bring to the altar of Patriotism? God cheer him in his sorrow!

The Meaning of Mansfield.

Not very far wrong in our prophecy, *were* we? But how eloquent is the silence of the political press! For a "stranger" to invade the constituency, and, against a formidable local candidate, tear away 4,500 votes from a combination of all the Parties, is a feat which has but one meaning—and that is, that when normal electoral conditions are resumed after the war, the Business Government men will carry all before them.

A Freak Journalist.

Our dear friend, the *Daily News*, however, is of course at pains to explain away the significance of the election. We are not concerned with the Party flapdoodle by means of which this task is attempted, but we feel bound, for the benefit of the future historian, to place on record the egregious suggestion that "Parliament may ultimately be driven to devise some means of dealing with the freak candidate." Not bad, for a democratic paper, in the case of a candidate who polled nearly 40 per cent. of the votes recorded, and who reduced by more than 50 per cent. the total Coalition majority as compared with that of one Party over the other at the previous election! The Institute of Journalists may ultimately be driven to devise some means of dealing with the freak ink-slinger.

A "No Peace" League.

The suggestion which we threw out last week for the formation of a No (Premature) Peace League has fairly caught the public imagination; and it is pointed out by many readers that the project might very well embrace the scheme of the Lest-We-Forget League which we recently adumbrated—as the politicians say; and which, also, has aroused much general interest. We are, therefore, proposing to combine the two things, and a preliminary announcement will be found on page 10.

Those "Round-Ups."

We hope this nonsense has now ceased. It has made us ridiculous in the eyes of the world. Surely, there are less theatrical ways of spotting the slacker!

Those "Hornets."

So they really *are* coming, after all. But we must have more of them. Now, Mr. Churchill, you've scored over the Tank—here's your chance to get "there" again. Just buck them up at the Admiralty *and* the War Office.

"Zeppelin Hill."

We do not know whether this name has been finally selected for the site upon which the recent German airship was brought down, but our enterprising contemporary, the *Daily Express*, may be interested to know that at High Cross, on the road from Ware to Puckeridge, there at present stands an obelisk erected to commemorate the spot where the first successful landing of a balloon was made in this country. What a strange coincidence it is that "P. B." should sit for this constituency!

Those Clothing Scandals.

Our best thanks to Mr. Justice Low for emphasising the need of Business methods in our Government departments. With the Bench on our side as well—now we *shan't* be long! The Judge asks for greater powers of punishment of persons who swindle in war work. The offence should be made high treason.

The Kaiser's Brain.

This from an eminent physician: "By his hypocrisy, his perversion of the truth, his grandiose self-esteem, he shows a temperament which is akin to the epileptic—a state of constitution which, under the cloak of religion, is capable of uttering the lowest blasphemies and committing the greatest cruelties."

The City JOHN BULL.

The first issue of this journal will appear on Friday, October 20th, and from that date all financial and insurance inquiries and matters will be dealt with in its columns, instead of by correspondence as at present.

The Answer's "A Lemon."

Those who know, are laughing over a delightful instance of red-tape blundering. A Canadian officer on a transport has been called over the coals for sucking a lemon while conducting the business of the orderly room on board. Of course, the answer is that he was fighting sea sickness!

The Revd.'s Progress.

The Rev. F. B. Meyer told his audience recently that in his early days he was a tea-taster. When did he abandon the habit?

Look out for the "John Bull" *City* Edition on October 20th.

A World's Record Prize Offer.

This week we reach the fourth anniversary of our popular "Bullets" Competition. To celebrate the occasion we announce on another page full particulars of the biggest prize offer ever made by any paper. In addition to a first prize of £1,000, a second of £250, a third of £100, and ten of £10 each, more than 12,000 other prizes must be won. No reader can afford to miss this remarkable offer.

A Dismal Prophet.

This is what the *Daily News* told us a day or two before we entered into the war: "Within a few days of launching into the struggle, the streets of every English town will be filled with starving men, women and children who either have no money because there is no work, or whose wages, under the blast of famine, can no longer keep body and soul together." No wonder the people have called for new prophets!

Germhun Fairy Tales.

If the Censor does not tell us exactly all that happens, that is better than the German style of telling the people lots of things that never happen at all. A girl who recently arrived home in London after a long detention in Berlin, had to be taken to the City by her father before she could be got to believe that St. Paul's Cathedral was still standing. She had been quite convinced to the contrary, because she had seen, at a Berlin cinema, a picture showing the actual ruins of St. Paul's after a Zeppelin raid. One of these days Berlin will know better.

Deaf as a Post.

There are times when we suspect the Tribunals of evolving a new species of magisterial idiot. For the moment, we are thinking of that member of the Kingston-on-Thames Tribunal who, in the case of two men who claimed exemption on account of deafness, "suggested that deafness might be an advantage to them in the Army, as the men would not be able to hear the whistling of the bullets." It is true they might not hear the whistling of the bullets, but they also might not hear orders, and as a fact the veracious reporter states that "when granted exemption until December 31st the men did not appear to hear the decision." We shall have to watch this Kingston gentleman.

The Hurdy-Gurdy Soldier.

A few evenings ago a crowd of people were standing round a street organ. The organ was being played by a discharged soldier. What attracted the crowd was apparently not the music, but the inscription on the organ. "I was blinded by a German bomb in the battle of Ypres," it read," and after 13 years' service have been discharged. I am a married man, and have borrowed this organ in order to get sufficient money to start in a small business which I lost when I joined my regiment." Taking the statements for facts, does Mr. Lloyd George—or, for that matter, any other Minister—mean to tell us that this is the sort of exhibition which they ought to inflict upon the public?

"Some" Jabberwock.

To everybody on the Somme front except the Germhuns, Winston Churchill's jolly Jabberwock seems to be one of the funniest things which ever came into a field of battle:

"The Jabberwock with eyes of flame
Came whistling through the tulgey wood, and burbled as it came"—

and when a war correspondent tells you that he sat down on the grass near the scene of action and laughed till the tears came into his eyes, you can lay a trifle that for once in a way the Germhuns are up against "some" Jabberwock. Wherefore, gentlemen, let us raise our glasses to Mr. Churchill as the most practical humorist of his day and generation.

Short and Merry.

According to Sir Robert Hadfield, F.R.S., the life of a modern high velocity gun is not much more than three seconds—that is the total length of time during which it can sustain the stress of the passage of projectiles through the inner tube before becoming inefficient through erosion. Pity the modern, highly-kultured Hun's life is not equally brief!

The "C.O.'s" Death.

A pathetic story reaches us of the death of a young, and undoubtedly sincere, "Conscientious Objector," Walter Roberts, in a camp prison at Dyce; and although we are altogether out of sympathy with this class of citizen, we cannot withhold an expression of regret—for there was no suspicion of cant or cowardice in this young man's attitude. Still, these are the days of Armageddon.

A Surprising Princess.

There was a distressing scene outside Stobhill Hospital, Glasgow, the other Saturday afternoon. Visiting hour is from three to four, and over 1,000 people had come to see their wounded ones. And there, waiting at the gate, they were made to remain until twenty minutes past four. Some had arrived from long distances, and were obliged to catch early return trains—one mother came from South Shields to see her son; at least one woman fainted. Mothers with children in their arms stood and waited and wondered, for no explanation was offered. But one has leaked out since. Relatives and friends of wounded British soldiers were made to await the convenience of H.R.H. Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, who was paying a "surprise visit." The surprise, we take it, was that such disgraceful treatment should be meted out to 1,000 British people to favour this one Princess.

Passed Fit.

At last the Government have brought into being a Medical Appeal Board. It has long been needed; it is needed in places to-day as much as ever. Take a case at Lincoln, where the Medical Board passed a man as "fit." Six days afterwards he had died of pretty well every disease a man can have; "he had no lungs, chronic rheumatism, and half-a-dozen other things." Out of 150 men who went up for re-examination before this Board, only two were rejected. Probably most of those passed will be smashed up or killed in training. No wonder the Holbeach Tribunal decided to ask the War Office to warn the Lincoln Board to be more careful in their examinations. As a fact, the War Office are themselves largely to blame. They have put on the screw to such an extent, *directly and indirectly*, as to give Medical Examiners the impression that they are under orders not to reject anybody of military age until he has ceased to breathe.

Cruel Contrasts.

Here are some painful contrasts. At Southend Mr. Robinson, fishmonger, admitted he has five sons, none in the Army. But "twenty of his men have gone"! Alfreton Tribunal revealed the case of six brothers, none serving, a case which is rapidly developing into a local scandal. But at Rotherham a mother's appeal for her last son out of five was refused. Four are in the Army—the fifth, now taken, had kept the home going. At Glasgow, a widow's only son has gone, but an unmarried man received exemption because he owned two shops. Pembroke Borough Tribunal grants exemption of some kind to all who ask for it; "the Military Service Act," we are told, "does not appear to apply to South Pembrokeshire; it is a disgrace to the county to see so many young shirkers walking about." Bearing in mind the case of the notorious Dunns, the contrast would be comic if it were not cruel.

£1,000 for a "Bullet."—See page 28.

The Retort Profane.

A zealous Vicar of a parish in Middlesex had just baptised two children of a prominent undertaker of the district, and the worthy cleric, bent on improving the shining hour, expressed regret that he did not often see the parents at church—whereupon the father of the newly-baptised cherubs replied: "Sir, I don't see how your remarks can apply to me. I always come here for funerals, and if I were not so old I should be more often here for christenings as well."

Censor Still Busy.

The British Censorship is still a great and glorious thing. Recently we instanced the case of a lady whose letter to a sister in America was stopped because it contained the photograph of her baby "taken on the sands." Now a reader tells us that the Censor has returned to him a letter to a brother in Central America because it contained a photograph of his little daughter. The British baby is undoubtedly a lovely product, and possibly the enemy would like to copy—but how the dickens he would benefit by copying from a photograph is a mystery so elusive that we have had to give it up.

A Hostile Conscript.

A telegraphist, employed at the Hackney Post Office, had strong objections to joining the British Army—and no wonder. Both his parents, he explained, were Germans, and although with his technical experience he might have done well in the Army, he "could not bear arms against his own flesh and blood." However, the Tribunal swept this contention aside, and the telegraphist, forcibly protesting, has gone to the Colours. Personally, we should have been inclined to offer him the alternative of close internment till the end of the war; but, in any case, the Postal Service is well rid of a man of avowed enemy sympathies.

Words, Idle Words!

A Kendal auctioneer has executed a neat somersault. In March last he attended a ratepayers' meeting and spoke loudly, saying "he had to lose his business on August 1st, but he should not appeal again, but should go and serve his country, as it was his turn to go. . . . He should sell up and arrange for his wife and child to live on 17s. 6d. p r week." And he roundly declared that the holders of that meeting of protest were "betraying their country." It was a rousing, plucky speech—but nothing more. For at the beginning of September the gentleman was appealed for because his auctioneering is "indispensable," and he was granted exemption till November. It is a wonder he has the face to accept it.

Three Poor Hop-Pickers.

Three women hop-pickers have sent us a letter of complaint and a request for an answer at once. Unfortunately, though their letter is signed with the names of all three, they have omitted to furnish any address beyond "T——'s Farm, Kent," and we are afraid the Post Office would regard that as insufficient. Their plea is that Mr. T., the farmer, "has put them in a field where it is very bad, and we could not earn more than 1s. a day, and, as we will not pick, he will not pay us what we have in hand. We have to walk three miles to get food. We are sleeping in cowsheds alive with rats. We would put up with that if the gentleman would let us have enough money to keep us from starvation." The picture is distressing and disturbing, and we are afraid this notice will be too late to ease the situation. Perhaps Mr. T. will help the ladies to wind up the season more satisfactorily, for such humble toilers deserve kindly consideration.

Wages and Deductions.

War work is not always a quick road to riches. A young woman agreed to make special khaki tunic-shirts for our Indian troops, and the pay, offered by a firm of Government contractors in Finsbury, was to be at the rate of 9s. 6d. per dozen for very complicated work. But, at the end of the week, 2s. was deducted for cotton. It looks rather like an imposition, and it should serve as a warning to girls to ascertain what are to be their actual wages. It is distressing to be subjected to unexpected deductions after a week of toil.

Bonny for Broadmoor.

Quite recently we printed the plaintive petition of the attendants at Broadmoor Criminal Lunatic Asylum, relating how totally inadequate were their wages, and that nobody had had a rise for 28 years. The result was swift and good. From an official source it is indicated that members of all branches of the prison service are to benefit by the war bonuses granted to the Civil Service. Warders earning up to £2 weekly receive 4s. a week more, and those getting between £2 and £3 will have 3s. increase. We congratulate our friends at Broadmoor—meaning the attendants, of course.

German Thankfulness.

It is but a small matter, yet surely the reporter of an Essex newspaper spread himself unduly when he gave a special line of admiration to "that fine old German thanksgiving hymn"—"Now thank we all our God," as sung at Woodford Parish Church. If we *must* use a German tune before we can express thankfulness, it shows sadly the incompetence of our native composers. Just now we do not desire Germany to give thanks for any little attentions we may pay them, and it does seem incongruous to use their form of gratitude, marvelling meanwhile at the "grandeur" of it. That reporter really seemed proud of our musical shortcomings.

Drat That Fly!

Though, generally speaking, the fly season is on the decline, flies are still playing about some of the sweet-stuff shops. Dr. Cates, the Medical Officer of St. Helens, told the local Magistrates the other day that while passing the shop of a confectioner he perceived a multitude of flies among the goods. "One or two bars of chocolate had melted, and four flies were embedded in them. In about a minute he saw twenty or thirty flies crawling over the chocolate, which was seized, condemned, and destroyed as unfit for human food." As a result of this damning testimony the confectioner was mulcted 40s. Henceforward, the wise shopkeeper will perchance drat the flies with greater vigor.

Undesirable Company.

When we suggested that the Directors of Madame Tussaud's should remove Kaiser Bill, Ferdie of Bulgaria, the Sultan, and the Austrian Emperor from the Grand Hall, and instal them in the Chamber of Horrors, we confess we had not considered the feelings of the present inmates of that much-visited apartment. We have now received a protest, purporting to be signed by "Your humble wax shades, Burke, Hare, Charles Peace and Crippen," in which those gentry state they are "staggered at the infamous proposal that Billiam and Co. should come and live with *them*"! They strongly object to keep such bad company, and want "those four pestiferous monarchs put on the roof 'in the sun,' or even 'in a bath,' as their water expert proposes." If they are placed in their Chamber they threaten to resign, or "melt in a wax." So perhaps the four criminal Kings had best be placed in an otherwise unoccupied cell and left to fight it out among themselves.

"John Bull's" reputation is behind the "John Bull" Pen.

What's What?

This from a private, B.E.F., France: "As we have had several arguments about ponies being kept in coal pits and can't get anyone to decide it, we thought of writing to you for such information—as you are Tommy's best friend, and we have several small bets on it. We feel sure you will answer it through your paper, which is much looked forward to by all of us out here." If what our friends wish to know is whether ponies *are* kept, and often somewhat cruelly treated in coal pits, unfortunately such is the case—poor beasts!

The Teetotal Lunatic.

Sittingbourne Guardians were talking about lunatics the other day, and one of them—one of the Guardians, that is—by name Andrews, said everybody should do all in his power to reduce the amount of lunacy. And, he declared, "if everyone turned teetotal, that would do it." Then one of the officers informed the Board of the death of a lunatic patient at Chartham Asylum—one, as it happened, who had always been a teetotaler! This item does not prove that all lunatics are teetotalers, nor that all teetotalers are lunatics; but it does seem to insinuate that Mr. Andrews' testimony was offered at an inopportune moment.

Durham's One Intelligence.

Wits and ability must be scarce in County Durham, if we are to believe Mr. Sam Adams, Clerk to the Auckland Rural Council. He wanted more exemption for the Council's Assistant Highways Surveyor, who has already had six months, and he said nobody else could superintend the road mending because the Surveyor "had no man of sufficient intelligence to do it," and that without this wonderful one there was no prospect of carrying on the work! This story of the county's barrenness of intellect so impressed the Tribunal that they gave its only genius a further month, to be medically examined—a little ceremony that could be managed in an hour.

An Objectionable Tract.

An obnoxious tract circulated among soldiers contains some foolish and some dangerous lines. These are of the absurd variety:—"Can a man go cursing through the pearly gates into heaven? Can a drunkard reel along the golden streets to the throne?" And these we classify as dangerous—if any soldier were foolish enough to credit them:—"England during the War has found out that she has no soul. . . . The sins of England are causing the death of thousands of Englishmen." Such treasonable sentiments sound like the lying of the German press, and we do not wonder that the Private who sent us the leaflet says he felt insulted when it was forced upon him. Neither the author's name, nor the printer's, is given, those people evidently possessing more cunning than pluck.

Aylesbury's Ambition.

In the piping times of peace we might view with favour the desire of Aylesbury to turn itself into a full-blown Borough, with Mayor and Aldermen complete. It is a bustling, prosperous, country town, and its wish to outrival Buckingham is a natural one, but these are scarcely the days in which to worry the Privy Council for a Charter. The Council has itself dropped a discreet hint to that effect, but the busybodies shut their eyes to it, and are holding meeting after meeting, electing all sorts of prospective Mayors and other may-be big bugs. Ratepayers demur to the expense, and, though assured there will be "practically none," cannot see why there should be actually any. The movement ought to be shelved, for these are not the days when Aylesbury ducks should make themselves swans—or geese. Let the old town concentrate upon the war, and the war only. All its present turmoil is energy in the wrong place.

A Match Swindle.

Dummy matches is not the only swindle of some firms. Consider this from Wednesbury: "The enclosed matchbox with contents is what we have to pay 8½d. a dozen for in South Staffs." The box referred to has a bottom formed of a series of layers of wood which fills two-thirds of it!

His Majesty's Guests.

The big building at Dartmoor is not the only home-from-home, or convict establishment, where the number of attendants, otherwise warders, threatens to exceed the number of compulsory guests. Aberdeen boasts a prison that furnishes an example which we hope will be hard to beat. Quite recently this edifice accommodated 22 gentlemen who chanced to be in custody. To minister to their needs and comfort, as well as—incidentally—to see that they did not get away, there were 11 warders, a governor, doctor, chaplain and priest. They were, surely, enough.

Liberty for Lawyers.

It is hard to know what national "service" is rendered by a man when he practises as a solicitor, but the Law Society seems to have fixed opinions on the subject, opinions that "had considerable influence upon the minds "of the Plymouth Tribunal, who granted conditional exemption in each of seven cases, one of the seven solicitors being a Conscientious Objector. It was surely a bold lawyer who pleaded his conscience! Kirkby Stephen offers a similar picture; it has a population of about 1,400, with five solicitors. Four are of military age, and exemption has been granted to all of them. Of course the tradesmen and shopkeepers have to go, quite in the old sweet way, and we fail to appreciate why gentlemen on the rolls of the law should not also answer the other roll-call.

His Bit and His Business.

A story from Hastings illustrates the inconsiderate and masterful attitude adopted by pumpuritans towards publicans, even when they are among the best of men. A Hastings innkeeper, 43 years old, was willing to do his bit despite his age, and spontaneously offered himself to the Recruiting Officer, who proposed to fix him at an Eastbourne Hospital, where a man was wanted. The publican was actually on his way to the barracks at Chichester, but turned back, according to Lieut.-Col. Whittle, because he heard "the Chief Constable would shut his house up if he went." The man's own story was that the Chief Constable would not consent to his wife carrying on the business. Pending some definite arrangement about his licence, the innkeeper is obliged to remain at home, and the job he was willing to fill will perhaps be taken by a younger man—may be by one of the many strapping young fellows in the Hastings police.

Remarkable Unanimity.

Mr. William Harvey Blake, a single young man, of Bridge House, South Petherton, attested, considered it an "insult to be classed as a conscript" when called up. So, like a patriot and volunteer resolved to do his bit for King and Country, he—asked for exemption. It seems that he manages a farm for self and uncle, the said uncle being a member of the Tribunal at Yeovil. Local opinion is that his work is not very onerous—that it could be done by any ordinary man with farming knowledge. The military authorities claimed that it was not in the national interest that appellant should remain on the farm, and the Advisory Committee were unanimously of the same opinion. So the Tribunal unanimously exempted him! As a local journal, *Palmer's Weekly News*, neatly puts it: "Either the Advisory Committee and Military Authority or the local Tribunal is unanimously *wrong*." And we feel sure which is the offender.

Meat.

In the course of a long letter advocating co-operative supply, "An Old Butcher" talks about meat in this way: "I will take the meat trade. Is there any reason for making profits of from 70 per cent. to 100 per cent. only to rob the poor and make the master butcher richer? . . . As an illustration I will guarantee to cut out 1,000 lbs. daily and purchase at the present wholesale prices, and not sell any part of the body of beef over 1s. per lb., and make a profit (on a subscribed capital of £2,000) of £116 per month." As a meat proposition—a joint affair in fact—this looks like a fat thing.

Coming Out in the Wash.

Some soldiers in Sunderland have been getting their washing done by a laundry company at a charge of 4½d. per bundle. Recently, out of the kindness of their hearts, the officers offered the work to soldiers' wives—or widows. The offer was, doubtless, meant kindly, but we marvel that the price should have been reduced to 3½d. per bundle. The usual bundle contains: 1 shirt, 2 pr. socks, 1 towel, 3 handkerchiefs, and 1 pr. pants. The woman who washes, dries, straightens, folds and delivers that little lot for seven halfpennies, finding her owr coal, soap, soda and so on, will not get fat on her profits.

Invalid Fighters.

There is gold braid for the wounded, and there will be silver discs for the invalided-out. But there is another class of men to be considered. Let us point to a special case. It is that of a man in a line regiment who has seen twelve months of fighting in the trenches. He is home now, in barracks, not wounded, but suffering from the effects of enteric fever. And there are hundreds like him. And he says bitterly: "When I go out in town I hear them say, 'Oh, he hasn't been out—spends his time loafing in England'!" This is a genuine grievance, and one so easily remedied by the grant to them of the silver medallion that we hope to see it done.

Banbury Cross.

If you "ride a cock-horse to Banbury Cross," you will notice something more than the Banbury cake shops, a South Ealing reader reminds us. On a tablet, he says, you can still read these words: "This Cross was erected by public subscription in the year 1859 to commemorate the marriage of Victoria Princess Royal of England with Frederick Crown Prince of Prussia, afterwards Emperor of Germany." What's done is done, of course; and though it is wormwood and gall to the nation now to reflect that if one of our own princesses had not married the Emperor Frederick there would now be no Wilhelm II. to curse humanity, nobody can alter the facts by erasing the inscription. But what ought to make Banbury cross is the Black Eagle. "It does not look right in my eye," is the quaint way our reader expresses himself, "and it should come off." Perhaps somebody in Banbury will kindly take it off.

Booming.

The "JOHN BULL Diary of the Second Year of the War." There are, however, still a few copies left of both the 2s. edition, bound in cloth, and the 1s. with paper cover.

Sugar and Chocolates.

The Ministry for Sugar have not yet explained why the house-wife is deprived of sufficient supplies to make home-made jam, whilst manufacturers of such luxuries as fancy chocolates and bon-bons are apparently allowed to have all they require. Surely, it is better that the poor mother of a big family should have sugar for her jam than that flappers should be surfeited with fancy sweets?

Railway Bullies at Aberdeen.

More about Aberdeen railway officials: "I heard of one of these bullies insulting and abusing a party of ladies in the way you describe. There was some question whether a ticket was available *via* Aberdeen. The railway official—a young man of military age—held that it was not, and amid a plentiful supply of abusive language insisted on payment of the fare from the commencement of the journey. He was wrong, and the fare was refunded on subsequent application." One way of dealing with such cases is to make a public example of the official by summoning him for using insulting and abusive language.

Income Tax for Munitioners.

Munitioners who work seven days a week do so, not because they like it, but because the country has asked them to. Overtime is acceptable now and again, but no man—and especially no young woman—would willingly sacrifice health and pleasure for the sake of a little more money. But they risk it all willingly enough for the sake of the nation's necessity. To us, therefore, it seems scandalous that a munitioner should suddenly be held liable for income-tax because the Sunday work brings the weekly wage within the taxable range. Income should be calculated upon weekly salaries; the sacrifice of the worker's every Sunday is a thing to thank him for, not to tax him on.

Bravo, Barnsley!

Barnsley Guardians have taken a right step. On the motion of the Rev. Mr. Hill, they have decided not to admit any discharged soldier to the workhouse, but to grant him out-relief and assist him to obtain pay and pension. "Whether it was against the regulations of the Local Government Board or not," they would stand to that decision. It was the voice of dogged Yorkshire, and it earns our whole-hearted admiration. The discussion arose out of the case of a dragoon who, after 10 years' service, rejoined in 1914, served in France 19 months, was invalided to hospital in Paisley, discharged as unfit for service—and applied for admission to Barnsley Workhouse! Such a shameful finish to a fine record will be prevented by the indignant protest of a real good clergyman.

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"DAILY EXPRESS":—
"You must IMAGINE this UNIMAGINABLE engine stalking majestically amid the ruins, followed by the men in khaki, drawing the dispossessed Bavarians from their holes in the ground like a magnet. . . ."

"EVENING NEWS":—
"A soldier's wife says she has EIGHT CHILDREN. . . . She cannot afford milk at its present price for her EIGHT MONTHS' OLD BABY and the other YOUNGER children."

"CHRISTIAN NOVELS":—
"She was surprised to find herself trembling. She was even more surprised to find TEARS aching in her THROAT."

"DAILY GAZETTE" (Karachi, India):—
"The agents of the Ellerman Lines ask us to state that IF IT DOES NOT RAIN HEAVILY TO-NIGHT, the s.s. *City of Marseilles* will SAIL THIS AFTERNOON."

"EVENING TIMES" (Glasgow):—
"The steamer *Gallia* . . . collided with the trawler *Providence*, which sank, ALL THE CREW being drowned EXCEPT THE CAPTAIN AND THE SAILORS."

DAVID ROSS (in story in *Premier Magazine*):—
"The dinner-table talk was left to Mrs. Crattin, who ATE HER SOUP and SIPPED HER MEAT, half sobbing because she knew she couldn't digest what she had taken."

TRUTH ABOUT THE "TANKS."

HOW THEY ORIGINATED AND HOW THEY WERE DELAYED.

By N. Pemberton-Billing, M.P.

WHAT is the truth about the Tanks—those moving land forts which have struck holy terror into the breasts of the gentle Hun? Well, without questioning the official tale, I will tell the story as I know it. I do it the more readily because it is a story with a moral—and the moral is one I have been trying very hard to teach ever since I threw up my commission because there was work to be done. "Nothing succeeds like success," and, really, it is quite wonderful the number of persons who claim to have had something to do with the Tanks. But there is another saying, "Let praises fall where praise is due." That is why I am giving my version.

"Churchill's Folly."

It was the Right Hon. Winston Churchill who caught the first brain wave—and the first wave is everything. Almost anyone can improve upon an idea—that is why so many names are being bandied about over the Tanks. But the birth of the idea is everything—the rearing, the development of the brain child is the work of the primer and the ferule. Very well, then, Winston Churchill was *the man*. With all his faults (and he has many) he has one supreme gift—imagination. The man of imagination makes mistakes. Sometimes he dreams and imagines nightmares must come true. But he has ideas, and how well I remember the hoarse laugh that went up in official circles at the end of December, 1914, or the beginning of January, 1915, at the idea of "Churchill's steam-roller." But it was the genesis of the Tanks, and they laugh best who laugh last. Tommy has been laughing himself hoarse over the eerie wonders of the great Juggernaut. But he has been laughing with them and *at* the Germans. That makes all the difference. Winston, then, began it; and he went to the Air Department of the Admiralty for sympathy and assistance. He went there because that was the only place where he could hope to get it, and he knew Commodore Seuter would understand and help. Seuter put on one or two of his brightest boys to develop this wonderful idea—what is more, he spared some of the money vouchsafed by a niggardly Admiralty to the Air Department in order to give form and substance to the brain wave. Know you, the Tank was not the moving fort as we see it to-day. "Churchill's steam-roller"—how they laughed!—was to flatten out the Hun trenches and haply the Hun in the trench. But it was the germ, the egg; and the lusty monster of to-day is the result.

Parentage of the Tank.

As a fact, the Tank is, in the language of the Turf, By Armoured Car out of Steam-Roller. For the armoured car—"Churchill's Folly," as it was called at the War Office, just because the idea germinated on one side of Whitehall, and not on the other—gave the notion for the steam-roller. Such was the Service jealousy that the Army, which did not want the Naval idea of the armoured cars, would have nothing to do with the First Lord's steam-roller. Finally, when compelled to take the cars, they flung them on a field and left them. The Duke of Westminster managed to get off with a squadron to the East, and played the land buccaneer in Egypt. Locker-Lampson went with another lot to Flanders, on his own; but, failing petrol in Belgium, he offered his cars to Russia. To return to the Tanks. Seuter, as I say, welcomed the First Lord's idea (or, as some might put it, his support of Squadron Commander Hetherington's idea), and among the many young officers conspicuous for their efforts was Lieutenant McPhee. If there had been imagination all along the line, money would have been forthcoming. But they had to be content with a few thousands. In the circumstances, it was a big mistake to try to make a full-sized steam-roller or armoured Tank when there was so little capital. The result was the available cash was expended; and the prejudice which might have been overcome if the Air Department had demonstrated with a frail full-sized model built of three-ply wood, was only accentuated. It was just at this time that the big "strafe" between the Army and the Naval Authorities over the armoured cars was in progress. The upshot was that disappointment and delay over the "steam-roller" ended in disgust and failure, so that we have had to wait nearly two years for the final realisation of a unique weapon of war which, but for Service intrigue born of jealousy, might have been in the field months and months ago, helping ourselves and our Allies to shorten and win the war.

Lloyd George's Part.

As to the rest of the truth about the Tanks, the naval chapter ends, and the military achievement begins with the Ministry of Munitions. All praise to Mr. Lloyd George—also a man of imagination—for taking up the scattered threads of his late colleague's idea and bringing them to the woven scheme of practical accomplishment under the ægis of his department. Here undoubtedly other names quite properly come into the story, and Colonel Swinton's part is one with Mr. Stern, who brought the commonsense mind to bear on the matter, in the final development of the land battleship. But the pity of it is that the nation has been deprived of this new weapon at a time when it has been sorely needed, just because jealous men and narrow-minded officials cannot be made to understand that national interests are greater than Service interests, and that while they are bickering and snarling, Imperial safety may be jeopardised. This is where I want to point the moral of the Tanks. The truth is that we could have had the moving fortress with its caterpillar wheels—which were born in America—long ere this, if only those in authority had been big enough and patriotic enough to sink petty jealousies. This, then, is the lesson of the Tanks—that when someone—in this case Mr. Lloyd George—is strong enough and big enough to break down Service intrigue and jealousy, the nation—that is the Army—comes by its own. Don't forget this was an Admiralty idea; hence all the trouble with the War Office. And what Mr. Lloyd George was able to do when at the Ministry of Munitions some one else could do for the Air Service if we had an Air Minister and a real Air Board. All jealousy, all bitterness, would disappear like smoke. I gratefully confess that the existing Board under Lord Curzon has done a good deal. The wonderful successes in the air in France; that first airship brought down in this country; the remarkable meagreness in number, and results, of this year's air raids compared with last year's—all this synchronises with the appointment of the Air Board. It has cleared away a good deal of the barbed wire of littleness and bitterness. The moral of the Tale of the Tanks is that—given the right man, resolute and determined—we can make the Air Service mighty for the Empire.

GRAB! GRAB! GRAB!

BRITAIN'S IDLE SOIL AN AFFRONT TO THE ALMIGHTY.

BY A. G. HALES.

WHEN I was a boy we had an English bishop in Australia who had a wise understanding of God, man and nature; all bishops are not built that way. In a season of bitter drought—when the sun had burnt all the grass off the land and the rivers ceased to flow; when the sheep, horses and cattle were perishing in myriads, and the face of the skies was as burnished brass—a great deputation of farmers and townsmen waited upon this bishop to ask him to declare a week of humiliation and prayer—that the whole Australian nation might ask God to send rain upon the famishing earth. The bishop heard the plea, and said: "No, I will not insult my Creator by attempting to teach Him His business. He sent rain in plenty in its season, and you let it run to waste—you did not conserve what He sent; now that you are on the verge of ruin, you want to save yourselves by prayer. Go away and sink wells, excavate dams, build locks across your river channels that when the drought breaks you may save what is sent." Those men went away saying things about the bishop that could only be printed upon asbestos. But he was right; prayer is a mighty weapon—in its proper place, but it won't do the work of the pick and shovel.

Britain's Need.

Britain wants a man like that—wants him badly—at this present hour; for the people are crying out on all sides about the price of food, whilst lying shamefully idle is enough British land to feed the populace, and so keep the food thieves from fattening upon the nation. They are gluttonous vultures, these food thieves. Some of them will be subscribing heavily later on to the rotten political Party funds, for the purpose of buying titles of nobility; others will give a tithe of their thieving to the churches as conscience money, and die in the odour of sanctity—the lies that will appear upon their tombstones will make the Devil grin until his ears crumple. There would be no outcry in this country about high food prices if every acre we own were under cultivation. There should not in all this realm be a patch of land as big as a blanket innocent of growing something eatable. Those who are locking up the British land are pinching the bellies of the dependents of the very men who are fighting and dying to prevent the enemy from taking that soil from its present owners—they are as guilty of evil-doing as the mean rascals who are raising freights and adding to the price of all the people eat, drink and wear. They are a shameless, unpatriotic crew—rotters to the core, root and branch. Some of them say they cannot get the labour to work the soil. There is not an evil in the country that is not pitch-forked in some way or other on to the patient shoulders of Labour, and this excuse is a sham and a fraud—for they did *not work the land* when labour was cheap and plentiful in the days before the war. The land is manless; it is the duty of the Government to bring the landless men and the manless land together, that the nation may have the full benefit of the product of the soil.

Give the Fighters a Chance.

We are spending nearly six million pounds per day upon this war. Let the Government produce *three days' war spendings*—only three days—and purchase on behalf of the country some of the idle estates. Let the nation become the landlord of a portion of its own territory, and on that land place officers and men who have been damaged in the war in defence of the very soil I write of. We need not wait until peace comes; we have *now* a great array of deserving men, sufficiently recovered from their wounds to seek to earn their livelihood. Give them smallholdings for dairy-farms, for hog-breeding farms, for poultry farms, and vegetable and beet-growing farms. Never again let us be dependent for our sugar on overseas plantations; for Britain can grow beet for sugar manufacture as well as any spot on earth. The people are crying out—and rightly so—over the prices they pay for everything. And God smiles! He has given us the land; we permit selfish money-bugs who have bought it to keep it in wicked, wanton idleness. No wonder God smiles, when the people go to church to pray for better times—the times are what the people permit a monied minority to make them. The money-bug argues, "I paid for the land; I can do what I like with it." Can he? If that argument holds good, what right has a Government to force a landless man to leave his work to go and fight on foreign soil? If there is national property in human flesh and blood, then there is national property in every inch of the home soil. In our Overseas Dominions, if a person takes up a stretch of mining country and pays the lease money, he has to employ so many men per acre to work it and make it profitable to the State, or the Government seizes it. If a man has a tract of stock country and leaves it idle, the Government takes it for closer settlement. Why is there no such law for rural Britain? If something of this sort is not enforced, the very food thieves who at this hour are battening upon the people will in the near future be big landowners in this country. Think of it—landowners on money made out of robbing the women and children of the men who are fighting for the salvation of Britain and the freedom of the world! No wonder God smiles! He gave the people heads to carry thinking material, and they have turned them into mere hat-racks.

The Government's First Duty.

This war is not over yet; no one can say with any degree of certainty when it will end. Why wait for the crush of business that will clog Parliament when Peace comes; why not act now, and place the warriors no longer fit for active service on this splendid soil of ours, which is at present as unproductive as the Sahara? In our Overseas Dominions the legislators put men on the soil; they back them with money, implements, food and railway facilities, and if they are worthy settlers they help them until they get on their feet—if unworthy, they run them off. If young, struggling colonies can do it—and they have done it for a long time—why cannot this, the richest country on the globe, do it? The soldiers have earned it; they paid for the right with their blood. Everyone would benefit by such a procedure—for what the earth produces is so much more capital added to the coffers of the nation. You have no more right to lock up the land that will grow things than you have to lock up sunlight; and you have no more right to force soldiers and sailors who have fought for you to cross the seas in search of a livelihood than you have to box up the air we breathe—for that way lies national decay, as surely as darkness follows daylight. Mr. Bottomley has well said that the first duty of a Government is to feed its people. We have had a very narrow escape in this war from the effect of our neglect of this duty in the past. See to it that we take the lesson to heart, and make the Food Thieves a thing of the past.

Candid Communications.

This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities.

To M. Vandervelde, Belgian Minister of State.

DEAR ALLY,—I am glad to see your vigorous retort to the impudent suggestion of an American Socialist writer that the final peace with Germany "should carry no indemnity." As far as Belgium is concerned, you justly insist that the fullest reparation shall be made, both for moral suffering and material loss; and in this righteous claim you will be supported by public opinion in all the Allied nations. You have our solemn undertaking that to gallant Belgium shall be restored "all and more than all that she has lost." To the last syllable that pledge shall be redeemed. JOHN BULL.

To His Worship the Mayor of Wandsworth.

DEAR MR. MAYOR,—I want to ask whether, as they say at Westminster, your attention has been called to the statement of a medical man at a Wandsworth inquest that it was "a desecration of the dead to take a body to the Wandsworth mortuary." In the case under investigation it was necessary, apparently, for an analytical post-mortem examination to be conducted, but, according to the same doctor, "the condition of the Wandsworth mortuary rendered such an investigation impossible." These are grave allegations, and I should be glad to think they were unfounded, but I can hardly believe that a responsible practitioner would make such statements in public without good reason. Please look into the matter without a moment's delay. JOHN BULL.

To S. Cozens Hardy, Esq., Chairman, Norwich Magistrates.

DEAR SIR,—It is obvious to everyone that the lighting regulations under the Defence of the Realm Act must be enforced, and particularly in parts of the country specially subject to Zeppelin raids. But I need not point out how essential it is that the law should be administered with strict impartiality, and I trust you will make it your business to inquire into the allegation made before you the other day. A Lance-Corporal was fined by you 2s. 6d. for striking a match in St. Giles Street, Norwich, and the defendant's statement that officers who offended in the same way got off scot free was supported by the police constable who laid the charge. Said he: "The Sergeant reported them, but *our instructions are to arrest privates.*" It is this sort of thing which causes bitterness, and I look to you to make it clear that Norwich, at any rate, will not tolerate it. JOHN BULL.

To Mrs. W. W. Wartnaby, Member Board of Guardians, Market Harborough.

DEAR MADAM,—Have you forgotten that couplet in your *Marmion*:—

"Oh, what a tangled web we weave
When first we practise to deceive"?

Personally, though I have no great affection for margarine, I would rather have good margarine than abominable butter; but when, on the motion that the inmates should have shilling margarine in order to economise the rates on one-and-eightpenny butter, you suggested that "the inmates should not be told it is margarine," I must say that I don't think you are playing the game. What would Mr. Wartnaby say—always supposing Mr. Wartnaby is existent—if you oiled his bread with margarine and seduced him into the belief that he was eating butter? "Men were deceivers ever," says the Bard, but oh, you ladies, who shall fathom your depths?

JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. J. H. Shakespeare, Moderator, Evangelical Free Church Conference.

DEAR PARSON,—With your denominational quarrels and sectarian differences I have never been much concerned; but when you start talking about "union" and "federation," I begin to sit up and take notice—for that, to my mind, is the line of intelligent advance in matters of faith and worship. We may still be a long way from the much-canvassed ideal of "one great British Church"—I notice that you do not include the Church of England in your federation proposals—but the fact that a scheme of union between the various Nonconformist bodies has been definitely mooted and tentatively approved is full of encouragement for the future. Go straight on. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. Councillor Kelly, Chief of Fire Brigade Committee, Ilfracombe.

DEAR COUNCILLOR,—If I were to compliment you upon your promptitude, I am afraid you would think the remark was "writ sarkastick." But I am relying on your own story when I tell of that fire at Mortehoe the other day. A telegram was despatched to the police, asking that the brigade be sent. The police took it to the Chairman of your Council. He sent for you. After a short confab, "they did not know whether to go or not, and in the end the brigade did not go then." However, after two or three hours of meditation, you boldly "took it upon yourself to telephone to Mortehoe Station-master to know whether the brigade was wanted or not." This heroic step of yours was rewarded, for the reply was that the brigade should go, and they went—and pumped, and conquered. I am aware that some pig-heads "did not agree with your action in taking out the brigade," and I know that these petty squabbles are occasioned by questions of payment for fires outside the town boundary. But Fire is a master who exacts his own payment, and I am sure it would grieve you should death result from these delays on the part of the brigade in your charge. Your duty, sir, at the call of "Fire!" is not to stand upon the order of your going, but to go at once. By all means collect the expenses afterwards, but obey, first of all, the dictates of humanity.

JOHN BULL.

To A. F. Whinney, Esq., Receiver of De Keyser's Hotel, Ltd., London.

SIR,—It almost takes my breath away to read in your speech to the shareholders that the Government, having collared the whole concern for the purposes of the Royal Flying Corps, refuse to pay the shareholders any rent for the premises or make one single sixpence of recompense. "There have been negotiations," you said, "but the Duke Commission hold that the Crown is entitled by its prerogative rights to any premises it may select, and it would be a derogation of those rights to pay any rent." I suppose the Crown has got into such a habit of living rent free that it doesn't feel like making a precedent. I suppose it has annexed the Constitutional Club and the National Liberal Club on the same terms! Not only is it undignified for the Crown to pay rent; I gather it is also undignified for it to pay for the Company's electric light plant, hydraulic lifts, and the water it draws from their well. And I strongly suspect it of intending to fleece the coalman, remarking "Tut-tut" to the butcher, and declining to pay its gas bill and refusing to let anybody cut off the supply. But, as a sporting bet, I'll lay you a shade of odds that the Crown doesn't dodge the rate collector, if he is the same Collector as comes my way. JOHN BULL.

To Lieutenant-Colonel Ritchie, Somerset L.I.

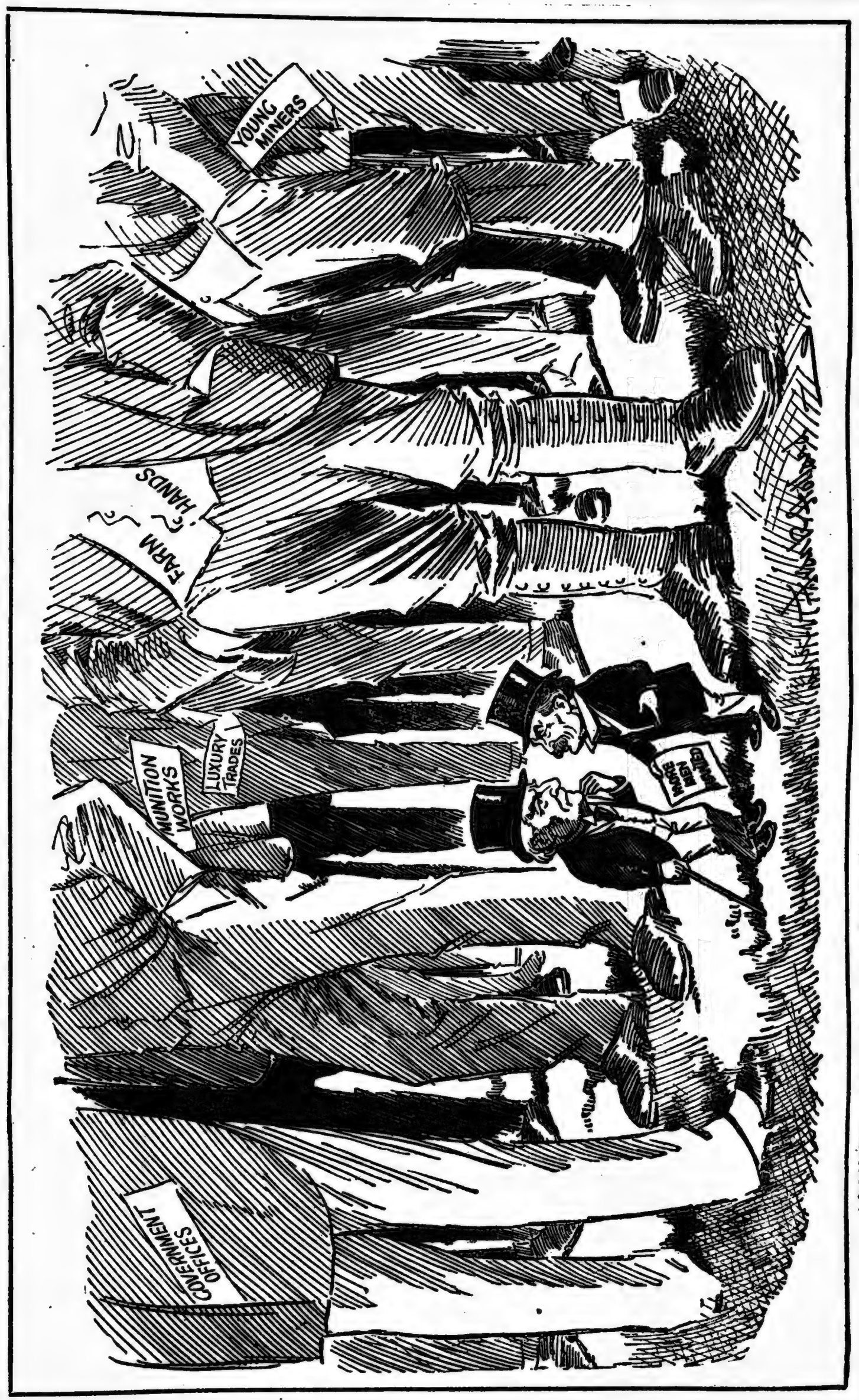
DEAR COLONEL,—Permit me to congratulate you on your thoughtfulness for the towns of Yeovil and Taunton, from which many of the gallant men of your battalion are drawn. Recently you took some German trenches and captured four machine guns in them—and, as you state in your letter to the Yeovil Town Council, two of them were placed at your disposal. I hope other Colonels who are equally fortunate in securing such captures will follow your excellent example, and enable other towns to preserve as a public memorial to the gallantry of their sons some trophy of this great war. JOHN BULL.

To Mrs. Helena Farrington, of King's Cross.

DEAR MRS. FARRINGTON,—Although you were fined by the High Barnet Bench one shilling for each of the five eggs you threw at the coffin of the Hun Commander of the "Zeppelin," I am not surprised to hear that your judges had a good deal of sympathy for your action, and that some of them were inclined to discharge you. I know you have received many letters applauding what you did, and I know, too, that the experience of your family in France in 1870 naturally added fuel to the fire of your anger. Impulse is often more genuine than reason, and no one will doubt the sincerity of your hatred of the Hun. There are thousands of your sex who applaud your action. Still, the law *is* the law, isn't it?

JOHN BULL.

"CAN'T SEE WOOD FOR TREES!"


YOUNG MINERS
FARM HANDS
MUNITION WORKS
LUXURY TRADES
GOVERNMENT OFFICES
MORE MEN WANTED
"Mr. Asquith, Sir, I'm looking for men, but where on earth is it to come from?"

ASQUITH:—"It's all very well to talk of more man-power, David, but where on earth is it to come from?"

THE TALE OF A PIE-DISH.

TONBRIDGE HEADMASTER'S AMAZING LETTER TO HIS LATE COOK.

Mrs. Lowry, wife of the Headmaster of the Tonbridge School—a gentleman, no doubt, of lofty character and the highest intellectual attainments—figured lately in the rôle of prosecutrix at the Tonbridge Police Court, when Mrs. Alexandra E. Jones, a cook employed at the School, was charged with the theft of a pie-dish and sundry scraps of food, and another woman with "receiving" these articles "well knowing them to have been stolen." It was a miserable and trumpery case. Believing herself entitled to the kitchen scraps as the perquisites of her position, Mrs. Jones had given away the remains of a pie—together with the loan of the dish, which she expected to be returned. This was the whole case for the prosecution. Finally, the Magistrates dismissed the charge of "receiving," while Mrs. Jones, a woman of most respectable character, was convicted of "theft," and "bound over" for twelve months. There the matter might have ended, leaving to Mrs. Lowry the honours of the day, but, unfortunately, that lady seems to have conceived an animus against Mrs. Jones, and to have been quite unable to curb her feelings. No sooner were the paltry and vexatious Police Court proceedings at an end, than a wretched and vindictive campaign of letter-writing was begun. First, the late prosecutrix took the field with a cynical offer of "forgiveness" to the discharged cook for her theft of the bits of pie-crust, if only she would "make a clean breast of the past." "If in the future," wrote the amiable Mrs. Lowry, "anything should arise which will prove to me that you have not made a clean breast of everything, then I should have to withdraw the pardon that I have now freely given to you." Scarcely had the poor woman recovered from these veiled threats when she was treated to a sickening effusion from a Miss Waddington, of Rochester, a friend of the Lowrys, in which she was unctuously reminded that—although in wanton depravity she had helped herself to a few scraps of stale food—yet, since "Jesus Christ died to save us," both God and Mrs. Lowry would overlook her "sin," if only she would "begin a new life." All this, however, was only the preliminary skirmishing; but in a letter from the Headmaster himself, dated August 22nd, the hostile batteries were fully unmasked. The original of this epistolary outrage is in our possession. It merits the fullest publicity. Mr. Lowry wrote:—

> Dear Mrs. Jones,
>
> I wish to remind you that the Magistrates bound you over to come up for judgment if called upon to do so; this means, of course that, if the question should arise the authorities will apply to us for our opinion; and owing to the further facts that came to our knowledge afterwards, we are not at present sure what that opinion may have to be.

More shabby and contemptible threats—but from this point onwards the Headmaster's letter becomes of vital interest to third parties. It proceeds:—

> I feel, myself, that the least you can do is to tell us frankly and in confidence what you used to do in the way of receiving illegal commissions from tradesmen, so that we may be guarded in the future from being robbed in that way. If you are sincere in your expressions of regret, I am sure you will see that it is right, as well as prudent in your own interests, to let us know the truth about this. If we should be compelled to find it out by other means, it might count against you rather seriously.

The conclusions to be drawn, then, are these: Upon grounds of which we are unaware, Mr. Lowry suspects the tradesmen of Tonbridge and Tunbridge Wells of bribing his servants for the sake of the school custom. However, he is not man enough to make these charges in the open, but prefers to use a trumpery kitchen dispute as a lever for extracting a "confession" from a discharged servant. Up till now the contemptible manœuvre has failed; Mrs. Jones strenuously denies the receipt of illegal commissions, and, as far as we are concerned, her word is at least as good as Mr. Lowry's. For the tactics of the Lowrys we can pretend to nothing but contempt. Here is the wife of the Headmaster of a large public school, who first hounds a woman to the Police Court on a charge which before a jury would have collapsed of its own absurdity, and whose husband afterwards threatens the victim that it may be the worse for her unless she furnishes him with information which may help him regarding local tradesmen—with whom the next move obviously lies.

"ONLY A PAUPER WHOM NOBODY OWNS."

A WEST COUNTRY BLASPHEMY.

"The West Country is a lovely land—a dimpled and dappled tract of golden acres of waving corn. Amid such scenes as this I drove but a week ago. I came upon a little village where, as at the other places on the drive, I wended my way to "God's acre," a spot pleasant enough to remember as any if ——! Picking my way among the graves, I came upon a portion of the ground apparently tended with less care than the rest. Subsequently I learnt that this was the part set aside for those of the inmates who die at the County Asylum, which is situated in the village. Musing upon the many poor nameless ones freed from the torture of a senseless existence, I was attracted by a mound of upturned earth beside an open grave—the preparation, as I thought, for some poor soul departed. But not so. True, it was a grave hedged around with iron hurdles to prevent the living from falling in upon . . . the scarcely covered coffin of "someone"! Yes, there it was—a few inches of earth, with the grass and clover shooting up as if to cover the ignominy that had been done. There, in the hardening soil and the gloom of the never-covered grave, were the imprints of a boot, as if to register the indecent haste of the grave-digger—but then, perhaps he, too, is dead! And so the afflicted one—"only a pauper whom nobody owns"—lies uncovered to the rains of heaven, alone and forgotten. Mayhap they will discover the open grave . . . when another inmate seeks his long home. Then, if they're not too busy with the affairs of the world—the harvesting, the dairy-work, the threshing—this open grave so callously, so inhumanly forgotten, will be filled in and, I suppose . . . the episode closed!" Thus writes a West Country reader!

THE NO (PREMATURE) PEACE LEAGUE.

OBJECT: *To watch carefully the negotiations of the Terms of Peace, and to insist that they shall follow the lines to which, through the Prime Minister, Britain is already pledged—the annihilation of Prussian militarism; full compensation for all material damage done by the enemy; reparation for all outrages on land and sea—and condign punishment for the criminals, "whatever their station."*

PRESIDENT:
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY (Editor of JOHN BULL).

Readers willing to support the above League are requested to fill up and return the subjoined Coupon to the Editor, marking the envelope with the word, "League."

Further particulars will be announced shortly.

NO (PREMATURE) PEACE LEAGUE.

To the Editor of JOHN BULL.

I approve of the formation of the proposed League, and shall be glad to receive further particulars in due course.

NAME.....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Please write plainly. Readers who have already signed the Lest-We-Forget Coupon need not fill up this form.

Do you want £1,000?—See page 28.

Our busy little goblins, with true commercial zeal,
To the bold and hardy Servian make their usual appeal;
Results will not be long in doubt
When 'Chairman Juniors' are about,
'Tis ten to one that 10 for three scores another deal.

Wherever you may go, whether in a hot climate or cold, in rain or shine, the cigarettes that will always please you are Chairman Juniors. And this is why. They offer the unvarying attraction of excellence in smoking, coupled with economy in cost. All the value is in the tobacco—except for the necessary packet—and there are no cards or coupons with them. Sold by tobacconists everywhere at

3d. for 10.

Made and guaranteed in every particular by

R. J. LEA, Ltd., Manchester.

£100 for Shorthand Writers.

A New System for the Million.

LEARNED IN THREE DAYS!

Every reader of JOHN BULL can learn DUTTON'S SHORTHAND FOR THE MILLION, the simplest and highest-speed system in the world, in three days.

There are only 29 characters and SIX simple rules to learn to completely acquire this remarkable system, it having been specially framed to enable it to be acquired in its entirety by every schoolboy and schoolgirl of 12 years of age and upwards.

The outlines in DUTTON'S SHORTHAND FOR THE MILLION are briefer than those of any other system. A writer, therefore, of another method at 85 words a minute would reach 100 words a minute with Dutton's. Similarly, a writer of any other system at 135 words a minute would reach 160 with Dutton's.

£100 SKILL CONTEST.

It is vitally necessary that every professional and business man or woman should be equipped with a knowledge of Shorthand by the end of the war. To induce every reader of JOHN BULL to take up this fascinating study, and to secure independent proof of the speed possibilities of Dutton's Shorthand, the author, Mr. Reginald J. G. Dutton, the principal of Dutton's Business Colleges, Skegness and London, has paid to the Editor of "*The Daily News*," the sum of £100 for distribution amongst the writers of Dutton's Shorthand attaining the highest speeds within the next few weeks.

The contest will be open to every reader of JOHN BULL, and as the system is an entirely new one, every entrant will start level. The prize-money will be awarded as follows:—

£50 to the person reaching the highest speed in Dutton's Shorthand by December 16th, 1916.
£10 Second Prize.

Special Prizes.

£20 to the boy or girl under 17 years of age reaching the highest speed by December 16th.
£10 to the member of H.M. Naval or Military Forces.
£5 to the boy or girl under 13 years of age.
20 Typewriting or Book-keeping Scholarships.
10 Consolation prizes of 10/- each.
100 Certificates of proficiency bearing the author's own signature.

There is NO entrance fee of any description, nor coupons to be purchased. No member of the staff of Dutton's Business Colleges will be allowed to compete.

Learned by Post in Three Days.

Students may teach themselves from the Text-book or enrol for the special postal correspondence course from Dutton's Business College, Skegness. This course will enable you to complete the study of the system in three days, from 12 to 18 hours study only being necessary.

Guaranteed Day and Evening Classes.

Readers resident in the London district may obtain oral tuition at the London branch of Dutton's Business College, 85, New Oxford Street, W.C., either privately or by joining the Day or Evening Classes. Mr. Dutton will personally conduct the Day and Evening Classes on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, October 11th, 12th and 13th next, under a guarantee that every student of average ability will complete the entire course within the three days, or in the case of Evening Class students, after 18 hours' tuition and practice.

Guaranteed Courses at Manchester and Leeds.

Mr. Dutton will also personally conduct similar guaranteed Day and Evening Classes at the Albert Hall, Peter Street, Manchester, from October 24th to 27th, inclusive, and at the People's Hall, Leeds, from October 17th to 20th, inclusive.

The following first Elementary Lesson will display the wonderful simplicity of the system:—

B	D	F	K	L	M	P	R	T
(	|	)	–	⌒	⌒	⌒	⌒	⌣

A as in *tape* is represented by a small circle ; *o* as in *so* by a large circle . while the short *e* as in *let* is always omitted.

In shorthand the *sounds of words* are written, no notice being taken of the longhand spelling. Thus, *lake* would be represented by the signs for l, a, k ; *boat* by b,o,t, .

The circle vowels are written *inside* curves, but *outside* angles caused by the joining of two strokes. Thus,

rake , roll , wreck , dale , dole , dell , bail , bowl , bell , fail , foal , fell .

R is added to any stroke doubled in length, as pay , pray , bow , broke , bake , baker , fail , frail , frailer .

Now try the following exercise:—

Lake, l,a,k, ; lame, l,a,m, ; prayed, pr,a,d ; perpetrate, pr,p,tr,a,t , rate, r,a,t ; deck, d,e,k ; draper, dr,a,pr ; roam, r,o,m ; probe, pr,o,b ; afraid, a,fr,a,d ; droll, dr,o,l ; trader, tr,a,dr ; pearl, pr,l , prefer, pr,fr ; maker, m,a,kr ; take, t,a,k ; fair, f,a,r ; deprecate, d,pr,k,a,t ; mole, m,o,l ; crater, cr,a,tr .

Sentences.

Now see if you are already capable of writing sentences. *The* and *to* are denoted by the *t* stroke , *a* by a dot .

1. The freight came late. 2. Rhoda mailed a better paper. 3. Take care, Fred may break the plate. 4. The frail rope broke. Derek towed the boat. 5. Ada wrote a better letter later. 6. The baker preferred to make a bread loaf. 7. The draper paid the debt.

Key.

1.
2.
3.
4.
5.
6.
7.

Further particulars of the system, the classes, the contest, and a copy of the above lesson will be sent free to every reader sending a stamped addressed envelope to

DUTTON'S BUSINESS COLLEGE
Room J, Skegness.

See "John Bull's" Advertisement Guarantee on page ii of Cover.

THE GERMHUN TAINT.

ENEMY GOODS FOR BRITISH TROOPS.

Although the war has been in progress for more than two years, Messrs. Godfrey & Co., Ltd., the pianoforte manufacturers, still announce on their note headings that they are the "Sole Importers of the Waldstein Pianos," and "Sole Agents" for the instruments manufactured by the Ibach, Strohmenger, and Bechstein firms—and while from these facts it would not be fair to draw hasty inferences, there is evidence, unfortunately, that Messrs. Godfrey & Co. are still not averse to an occasional deal in goods of German origin. A young Frenchwoman resident in this country was anxious to send a mouth-organ to a relative fighting in France, and she therefore wrote to Messrs. Godfrey, stipulating, as we understand, for an instrument of American make. "To her exceeding disgust," we are informed, "they procured her a very shoddy German instrument in place of the one she required." The feelings of the customer may be imagined, for the French are even less tolerant than ourselves of the hated German taint. However, a strongly worded letter of protest to the firm elicited a reply, admitting that the mouth-organ was "made in Germany," but coolly suggesting that this was "no detriment, as it was bought and paid for by British capital before the war." If this were true—and we are not concerned to dispute it—Messrs. Godfrey had laid themselves open to a further criticism, for it seems that the instrument, though purchased before the war, had risen in the interval to something like four times its original price. Finally, the firm sought to cover their indiscretion by the statement that they had supplied soldiers with "hundreds of these instruments, which had given entire satisfaction," an assertion which is wholly incredible, unless indeed the purchasers did not observe that they were of German manufacture. On their present form, we shall not look to Messrs. Godfrey for a lead in the campaign against German trade.

PRUNES, PRISMS, AND—PINES!

A WORD WITH MR. McKENNA.

In these times, the Postmaster-General is extending the use of his Majesty's mails to an anonymous group of South Africans in order that they may circularise the public at large, imploring them to send their spare capital to a fifth-rate little Cape Colony district, *via* London and Johannesburg, in order that someone—unnamed—may grow pineapples for them! Were the proposition put forward one of the most desirable from a financial view—which it certainly is not—it would still be open to grave objection in days such as these. But the whole thing is so preposterous on its merits—or rather demerits—that we need occupy but little space in denouncing it. Bathurst, a God-forsaken district in Cape Colony, lying between Grahamstown and Port Alfred, has been in existence since 1820—when the first settlers arrived there. Some 96 years have thus elapsed ere a group in Johannesburg, who prefer to remain unnamed, claim to have discovered that with an outlay of £50 a year for four years, anyone may, by proxy, make from 400 to 500 per cent. on his outlay. All he has to do is to entrust capital to Mr. H. S. Kingdon, Agency Manager, of Egypt House, 36, New Broad Street, E.C., and await events. We presume that Mr. Kingdon is Agency Manager for the African Realty Trust Ltd. (incorporated in the Transvaal) for he uses the letter paper of that Company somewhat freely. But we would like to know what his connection, if any, is with the Colonial Banking and Trust Co., of Africa, Ltd., with which he shares offices, telephone and telegraphic address. And whilst he is considering his reply, we would ask the Committee on Fresh Issues of Capital why no warning against this thing has been sent by them to the Press. Messrs. Barclay and Co., Ltd., the bankers, were prohibited by that body from amalgamating their business with that of a similar high-class institution, but Mr. Kingdon is permitted to flood this country with invitations to investors.

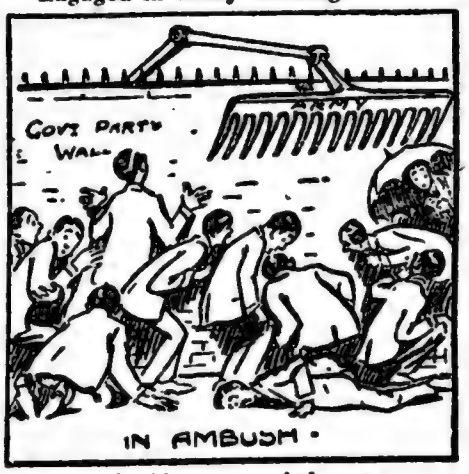
"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

BULL-DOGGEREL RHYMES BY THE "BOW-WOW."

The Tub Philosopher, who felt
For shady "guys" a loathing,
Would turn disgusted from the gang
Engaged in Army clothing.

No weapons better fitted to
Wipe out the Boches' ranks
Could be devised than those our lads
Have designated "tanks."

How long shall soldiers who have given
Their best for Britain's fame
Be treated by the Chelsea snobs
As though their scars were shame?



Young, eligible, unmarried men
Must not escape the comb,
Else yet more breakings up there'll be
Of many a happy home.

If Wilhelm hails as victory
Bulgaria's defeat,
How will he greet the glorious day
When his vile hordes are beat?

What *do* the Labour Bureaux mean?
'Tis said there's work for all:
But that's not the official tale
When eager workers call.

WHY RAISE

Absolutely "the Limit"!
Hub of the Wheel of War.

By THE

NEED I say, for the hundredth time, that I am all for winning the war and making victory sure and speedy? I would urge upon those who are influenced by this journal to make any sacrifice, as I myself would be willing to renounce anything necessary to ensure a quick and enduring triumph. But do not let us forget how war is made, or how the end will be attained—let us realise the true meaning of man-power. There is sometimes a tendency to forget that war is not merely, and certainly not only, a question of the fighting men. If it were so, what is really a complicated problem would straighten itself out in twenty-four hours. No; we learned in the early months of Armageddon—when, owing to providential miscalculation of the enemy, which, thank God, gave time to correct our mistake—that men without munitions meant murder for our own brave fellows and success for the foe. The Hun is being taught that lesson at this very moment; and if that despair in Germany of which I wrote last week is to end speedily in defeat, the admission of von Falkenhayn—now a month old—that the Germans at the front are growing dangerously short of guns and ammunition, will do more than anything else to hasten the hour of the Allied victory.

Only as the Last Resort.

But, in the name of all that we are fighting for, do not let us be led away by newspapers, however well-intentioned, into acting as if man-power were trench-power, and nothing else. It means many other things, as I will endeavour to show; and the need for conserving man-power at home for the mart and the office, for the bench and the factory, is so vital and so pressing that it could only be in the last resort—a contingency which, in my view, will not occur between now and the Day of Triumph—that the extreme step of raising the military age to 45 should even be contemplated, let alone put into force. No one who entertains my passionate desire to bring this awful war to its appointed end—or to reduce, if only by a day, the direful length of the drawn-out struggle—will misunderstand me. I know (and surely the events of the past two years have made it plain) that we must combine money with men, internal power with external strength—that we must keep Britain mighty in production and unassailable in finance—if we are to continue to play the predominant part in the struggle which we have played ever since the nation and the Empire were roused from the lethargy of peace into lion-hearted resolution for war. Therefore, while I readily pay my tribute to the Harmsworth press for all it has done since August, 1914, and yield to none in my admiration for the strong and courageous rôle in which Lord Northcliffe has revealed himself since he dared to tell the truth about the shell shortage, I take up my stand against the cry for raising the military age to 45. In my opinion, while it would be productive of no good, it would produce real harm. We are "a nation of shopkeepers," and somebody must keep the shop. By keeping the shop I mean maintaining the wonderful trade and commerce of the country—without which we should as assuredly fail just as truly as though we lost on the battle front. It is all very well for politicians and journalists to talk and write as if victory were only a question of the fighting men. "The first thing is to win the war." Agreed. But we can't win the war without the weapons of war. We must have money if we are to continue to spend £5,000,000 a day—I hear it is now £6,000,000. And, what is no less essential, we must maintain our standing as a great business Empire if, when the day of victory comes and the Allies dictate their terms of peace to a broken and a beaten foe, we are to be found strong and substantial and able at once to begin to make good the ravages of war, and to rebuild our Imperial greatness on the ashes of Armageddon. All this is not mere words—just high-sounding rhetoric—it is plain horse-sense; it is applying practical business principles to the terrible trade of war. And it is because I am so certain that to take any other view would bring upon us misfortunes not easily distinguished from disaster, that I plead for the man of 45. Don't mistake me. I hold no brief for age, and would go to the Front to-morrow if I could be of any use in smashing the Hun. But you cannot kill the Kaiser with your mouth. We want fighters, not talkers or writers, at the Front—we want youth and sinew, not age and arterial pressure, in the trenches.

Those "Reserved Occupations."

If there were no young men left, then it would be a different matter—and, if the worst comes to the worst, I would be ready to join up in an Over Fifty Battalion. But there are young men—hundreds of them, thousands of them—who have not yet been combed out of Government Departments, Government factories—out of so-called "reserved occupations." Let them go. Let the comb be of the finest small-tooth kind. Those badges which I see on every hand as I walk through the streets of London and any of our great munition centres ought to be worn by men over forty-one, by women, by wounded soldiers who can work though they can fight no more. Every man of military age, whether married or single, ought to be either at the Front or training in the battalions which are designed to make good the wastage in the trenches. That wastage is very great; our casualties—there is no disguising the fact—are tragically heavy. It is the bloody price we have to pay if we are to conquer and cripple the War-Lord who called down the thunderbolts and let loose the hounds long trained for their sanguinary work. It is some consolation to know that, while our losses are grievous, the enemy ranks are being thinned to devastation. But big and bitter wastage there is—*and we must make it good!* To-day everything is going well. The Hun admits—yes, there is no questioning it, he admits—he is beaten. He sees his picked regiments riven and scattered by our guns, and broken by the gallant onslaughts of our troops. On every front the Allied star is in the

THE AGE?

EDITOR.

- - - - - - - Hands off 45!
Those "Reserved Occupations."

ascendant, and the Kaiser sees nothing but darkness and despair before him. On the confession of von Falkenhayn, the wastage of the German guns is "considerably in excess of production"—exhaustion, you will see, can no longer be concealed—and the ammunition reserves are seriously depleted. Unless economies can be effected, "the making good of losses and placing of new formations in the field will be rendered impossible."

Use Older Men and Women.

Surely to urge economies when the Allies are by their prodigality of shell and fire forcing the pace is a counsel of despair. It is like telling a swimmer who is making frantic efforts to battle with the waves and reach the shore that the best thing he can do is to economise his strength and let the waters close over him. Germany had the immense advantage of munitions as well as men when the Mad Emperor decreed war. To-day she has sacrificed bench-power to trench-power—while we, conspicuous among the Allies, have sought, and been able, to preserve the right proportions, so that the men who are fighting know that they have behind them a mighty industrial army engaged, equally with themselves, in waging war by fashioning the instruments of war. But there is no reason why that Army should be made up, to any considerable extent, of men of military age. And there is not a single Government department which could not spare the vast majority of the young men who are still doing civil duties when the need for fighting men is continuous and insistent. It has been officially admitted that over 50,000 men of military age are in Government departments alone. The Inland Revenue actually owns to more than 5,000 single men and nearly 2,000 married men of military age on its books. Now this is all wrong, just as it is all wrong to fill munition factories with fighting material when older men and women—how wonderfully the women learn the knack of the lathe!—could fill their places without difficulty. I am all for keeping up every vital industry; I am all for maintaining our financial strength and our economic productiveness. That is how we pay for the war while we are waging war. But, I repeat, the older men can do all that—the youngsters must be sent to fight.

Hub of the Wheel of War.

Who are the men to be found at the head of the great industries of the country? They are nearly all over forty—between forty and fifty. They are essential—I had almost said indispensable—to the proper maintenance of commerce and industry. Said Mr. D. Maclean, M.P., Chairman of the House of Commons Appeal Tribunal, the other day: "We hear rather too much about the indispensable nature of men's services. If we lose the war it won't matter what contracts exist, or what taxes are contributed by businesses; if the men are wanted they must go." That is both right—and wrong. Of course we must have the men; but let us have the right men. For it does matter very much to ensure that businesses are carried on, and the drain on the nation's resources corrected as far as possible by the payment of taxes. Whatever prejudiced and ignorant critics at home and abroad may say, we are the hub of the Allies' wheel of war. Without the wonderful resources we have been able to contribute, without our money and our munitions, of which we have given lavishly and with willing hands to our friends, Germany would have triumphed—or, if that is regarded as over-statement, let me say then that the Allies would not have been able to fight for the victory which is coming. Therefore—remembering how much is still dependent upon our will and our resources, and realising how great is our responsibility—let us see the position in the light of common sense and put out of mind all idea, at least for the present, of increasing the conscripting age. I know the soldiers have no desire to fill up the Army with the middle-aged. As a matter of fact, experience has proved that after 35 the men who make good soldiers are few and far between. The scandal of the physically unfit is largely a question of age. Already too many recruits have been swept into the Army without due regard to their ability to withstand even the lesser rigours of training. Many a battalion before going to the Front has been subjected to a weeding process of the most drastic kind. Months have thus been wasted, much money expended, homes and businesses broken up—all to no purpose. And even those who have managed to get to the trenches have speedily caved in—which means that if justice be done them, these unfit soldiers, whose health has been permanently impaired by reason of service, must become a permanent charge upon the State.

Keep the Hun Running.

Optimism does not mean apathy—confidence here in no way implies complacency. I am not underestimating the need for men—I am just urging that we get the right men. We must comb out the lusty single fellows who are sheltering under the "umbrella" of "reserved occupations," of starred trades—who are working at home on jobs that others can do, while older men have left families and businesses to fight for their country. Remember, they are not the heads of businesses, the men I mean—they are employees. They *can* be spared—90 per cent. of them—and they *must* be spared. We have got the Hun on the run with a vengeance. We must keep him running. And it is our young men who have the wind and the muscle to join in the splendid game of conquest. Hardly a day passes but we hear something of the German's insensate hate of us. We alone of the Allies make his blood boil—let it be our task to spill his boiling blood to the last drop. He knows that we are determined to break his power and humble his pride. Let him hate us, while we reserve all *our* energy for the fighting. And if we only exert our man-power to its fullest extent we shall be able, when dictating the Allies' terms of peace, to support our demands with a mighty, unbroken force of British thew and sinew. **But the recruit is too old at 45!**

Riley Billiard Tables for the Navy

Every Home in Britain can obtain the same style of Tables that went through the Jutland Battle.

Remarkable Free Trial Terms

EVEN Jack Tar in these times has his leisure; and it is because our Sailors have appreciated how advantageously Riley Billiards fill their brief leisure hours that a large number of Riley Billiard Tables were ordered to be fitted up on our Battleships. And just as this profitable leisure-pleasure makes Jack better fit to "carry on," so every home in the country should have a Riley Billiard Table to enable the young people and the adults—munition workers and "too olds"—and soldier-brother home on leave—to fit themselves for the workaday strain by a brief and healthful game at Riley Billiards.

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down

brings to your home

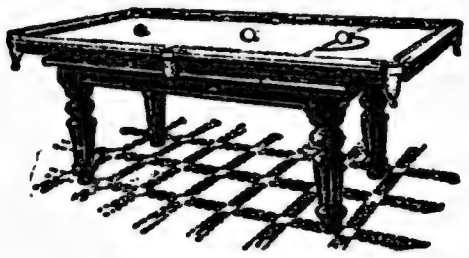
Riley's Home Billiard Table

If you send a P.O. now, to-night, for 8/6 you get, carriage paid to your door (no charge for packages), the wonderful Riley "Home" Miniature Billiard Table, size 6 ft. 4 in. by 3 ft. 4 in., and if (after seven days' Trial) you are not satisfied, pack it up, advise Riley's, and they will have it removed. The remainder you pay in 14 monthly payments of 8/6

Anyone may learn the real live game of Billiards in no time on a Riley Billiard Table; lose no time in putting one in your home; watch how it fills in the hours from tea till bedtime, with an excitement at every moment, an interest to keep everyone enthralled, from ten-year-old Tommy to Grandfather.

Riley's Miniature Billiard Tables

fit securely and with perfect balance on any dining-table. Made in solid mahogany, French polished, with best slate bed, low frostproof cushions, ivory or crystalate balls and all accessories included. Every table carries Riley's Perfection guarantee.



Riley's Miniature Billiard Table shown resting on ordinary table.

Size	4 ft. 4 in. by 2 ft. 4 in.	£3	15	0
"	5 ft. 4 in. by 2 ft. 10 in.	£4	15	0
"	6 ft. 4 in. by 3 ft. 4 in.	£5	15	0
"	7 ft. 4 in. by 3 ft. 10 in.	£7	15	0
"	8 ft. 4 in. by 4 ft. 4 in.	£10	15	0

Or in 15 monthly payments of 5/6, 7/-, 8/6, 11/6, 16/-

Riley's "Combine" Billiard-and-Dining Table

In addition to the Miniature Billiard Tables, Riley's have another style in their "Combine" Billiard-and-Dining Table. Really a magnificent piece of furniture which can be converted into a large sized Billiard Table by its very simple automatic raising and lowering action. Cash prices from £13 10s. Can also be had in 13 or 18 monthly payments.

Seven Days' Free Trial.

Riley's will deliver a Miniature or "Combine" Table in your home—and allow 7 full days' play in order to test it—FREE.

FREE Illustrated Catalogue of Home Billiard and Billiard-and-Dining Tables, etc. Write for it now.

E. J. RILEY, LTD.,

Premier Works Accring on.

London Showrooms—147, Aldersgate St., E.C.

SETTING A SNARE.

KENT SPECIAL'S EVENING OUT.

There is in the Kent Special Constabulary a Mr. Robert M. Fowler, who figured prominently in a case before the St. Augustine's Bench of Magistrates, against the stewardess of the Herne Bay Conservative Club. At a quarter to eleven one evening, Mr. Fowler had gone down to the Club, using the precaution to take with him a member of the Club Committee, who was also an ornament of the Special Constabulary. The belated visitors found the door locked, but they knocked up the stewardess, entered the building, and proceeded to make themselves at home. According to Mr. Fowler's evidence, "Special Constable Smith ordered whisky for himself and beer and stout for the ladies"—the Club charwoman and her friend. Under cross-examination, Special Constable Fowler admitted that, not being a member of the Club, he had no right to be upon the premises at any time or to pay for drinks for anyone at all. He claimed, however, that his aim had been to "set a trap" for the manageress; but this plea was not shared by Special Constable Smith, who cheerfully admitted that going to the Club "was no trap on his part." There the matter stood, and having heard the whole of the evidence, the Magistrates fined the manageress £5 for selling drinks after hours, and a further £5 for permitting treating, remarking at the same time that they "thoroughly believed" the evidence of Mr. Fowler, despite his admission that for this particular evening's work he had been compelled to resign his position in the force. An astonishing feature is that since the hearing of the case Mr. Fowler has, according to a local newspaper, "received an intimation from the Chief Constable's Department that the whole matter has been reconsidered, and there is no necessity for him to resign his position as Special Constable." What a game!

EXEMPTION MADE EASY.

RECRUITING OFFICER'S BIG CLAIM.

A queer disclosure was made at the Matlock Tribunal, when Mr. Wildgoose, a member, stated that two single men, who had previously been before the Tribunal, had applied to Captain Sweeting, Recruiting Officer at Bakewell, for exemption, and received the same. One or two members tried to pooh-pooh the matter, but the energetic Mr. Wildgoose and some supporters rightly enough refused to continue considering the cases of married men till those two single ones were accounted for. In the end, Captain Sweeting was telephoned for, and he "agreed to withdraw the two certificates in deference to the Tribunal, but he gave the Tribunal thoroughly to understand that he had power to issue certificates if he so desired." That being so, we have but to say that such power is too great to be in the hands of one individual, and that Mr. Wildgoose deserves thanks for his vigorous exposure of the circumstances.

"A NOSE FOR DRINK."

AN EXPLANATION AND A REJOINDER.

In a recent issue we told how the Superintendent of the Dunoon Convalescent Homes had refused admission to two poor invalids coming from Glasgow, on the alleged ground that they were under the influence of drink. According to police opinion, there was no sign of alcohol, and our conclusion was that the weight of evidence was dead against the Superintendent. That gentleman, Mr. King, now asks us to state his defence. Briefly, he says the men "were smelling of drink and loquacious, and admitted having partaken of intoxicants." And he adds, "I thereupon told them that I could not admit them, for to do so would be in breach of the rules." He quotes the rule:—"No inmate shall, on any pretence whatever, enter a public-house, or purchase, or drink, any intoxicating liquors. Those who transgress this rule will be instantly dismissed from the Homes." On this explanation by the Superintendent, we would observe that "smelling of drink" is no proof of intoxication. One drop of spirits may supply an odour for a long period. The men "admitted having partaken of intoxicants"—but Mr. King does not state the quantity, and we are sure the men did not admit inebriation. The fact that no intoxicants are permitted in Convalescent Homes is known to all patients, and experience teaches that a patient, before presenting himself for admission, frequently does treat himself to "one last drop." It is a perfectly natural attitude to every man who is not a teetotaler. As regards the rule, we are astonished that the Superintendent should rely upon it—inasmuch as it simply orders that "no inmate" shall consume intoxicants. The two men turned adrift were not inmates, for he refused them admission, and it is idle for him to cite a rule that in no way excuses an action which we must still regard as extremely regrettable.

RACING NOTES.

By "The Squire."

Racing will be resumed next week at Newmarket; and as Tuesday's programme will be run through before these notes appear again, I append a few selections for that day. The First October Nursery (Class I.) I shall assign to All Silk, whilst Class II. of the same event should fall to Desmond's Trust. The Visitors' Plate looks likely to come to Golden Rule.

The "Special" will be published as usual on Monday night next week, and will contain full comment on the various races of the week, together with some preliminary remarks on the two big handicaps. Orders to Messrs. Odhams Ltd., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., enclosing P.O. for 6d.

£10 REWARD.

WANTED, the Copies of JOHN BULL for September 23rd, 1916 bearing on the Covers the Numbers 194,218 and A400,142. Any person possessing either of these copies will be paid £5 upon applying to THE MANAGER, "JOHN BULL," 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

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That's the highest praise a record could receive. It is being said time after time of each of the newly-issued

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AND with every reason! The performers are artists to their finger-tips; the titles are the height of variety and topicality; and the recording — it borders on the miraculous!

ZONO DEALERS EVERYWHERE will gladly play you the latest record by any of the famous artists named at the side. Each one is a gem in itself.

1/6 10 inch DOUBLE-SIDED

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FOSTER RICHARDSON
HAROLD WILDE
HATHERLEY CLARKE

•

TOM FOY NAT D. AYER
HAROLD MONTAGUE
FLORRIE FORDE
BILLY WILLIAMS

•

BLACK DIAMONDS BAND
LADS O' TH' MO'R BAND
ROYAL CREMONA ORCH.

HELP ENGLAND TO SAVE HER COAL.

OVER 10,000,000 TONS CAN BE SAVED YEARLY

The Interoven in use as a Kitchen Range.

Simply lift Hot plate by handle and latch it up, and you have a lovely open fire to sit by.

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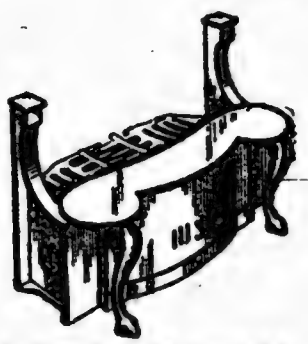

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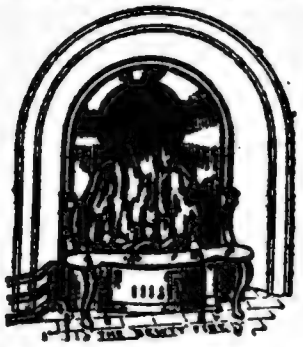

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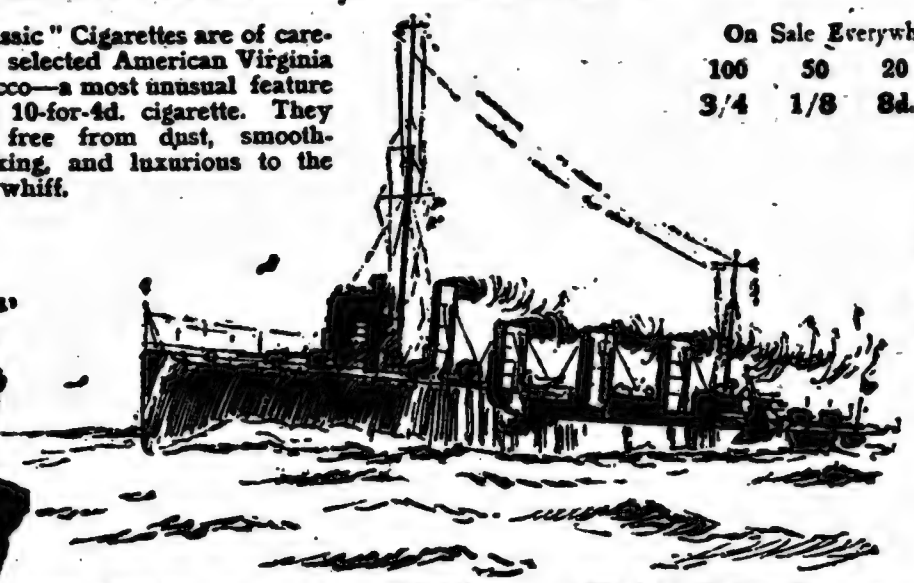

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Nothing so surely as Hall's Wine helps us to "carry on." If we overtax the daily energy derived from food and sleep and air, we shall quickly feel the need of just the kind of help that Hall's Wine never fails to give.

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Large Bottle, 3/9 Of Wine Merchants, Licensed Grocers, etc.

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The Picture of Health

HER MOTHER SAYS:—

"I thought you might like to see my little girl's photo. She is just three years old. Since she was a baby of four months I have given her Steedman's Powders; and I always found them not only cooling, but cleansing and refreshing. I used to give them on the same day each week, and if I happened to miss, she was cross and fretful. She cut all her teeth without my knowing, thanks to those priceless powders."

FUNNY FOLK AT FOLKESTONE.

A WORD WITH THE AUTHORITIES—WHY THE TRIBUNAL EXEMPTED A BARBER.

In fashionable Folkestone the fashionable hotel is the Grand. All the year round khaki is the predominant note of this desirable residential quarter. Officers, caked with the mud of France still wet upon their clothes, filter through the stately portals in a constant stream; bound for the front, they use the Grand Hotel as the stepping-off stone. At such a place, above all others, it is clear to the meanest intelligence that there should be only pure Britons.

Unfortunately, however, the reverse is true. It was here that a short time ago two alien employees were arrested, a quantity of "No Conscription" League pamphlets and correspondence being found in their rooms when searched in consequence of a charge of theft being made against them. In due course, they were given three months' imprisonment for the offence. A portion of the premises, which are under the management of one Gelardi, is rented by a hairdresser. His name is Julius Herman Zeller, and he became a British subject in January, 1914—the year of war! Rumour has it that his kind sponsors were two members of the National Liberal Club.

Zeller is 40 years of age. He was born at Balingen, in Schwarzwald, Germany. His wife only quite recently repeated the lie of French birth under which this pair had lived until a few days before Zeller's appeal to the Military Tribunal, representing herself as such at the shop of a member of the Tribunal where, by a curious chance, she looked in to buy two suits of clothes for her sons. To another Tribunal member she sobbingly appealed, on the ground that she was an expectant mother, and that if her husband was taken he would commit suicide.

The Solicitor appearing for Zeller said that the reason he asked for the case to be heard in private was because the couple were locally known as of French origin, but were really German-born.

The Tribunal granted Zeller exemption, mainly on the ground that they did not consider him the sort of man to be fighting side by side with our soldiers, and being certainly under the impression that he would be removed from the Folkestone area. Strong representations to this effect were made to the Chief Constable, but he stated he was powerless in the matter. The Mayor has also been approached by a number of people, but he is in the same positon as the head of the local police. In these circumstances, the residents look anxiously to the Home Office authorities for the prompt removal of the couple from their midst—their presence is a source of much alarm, having regard to the fact that Folkestone is one of our most important naval and military centres.

But comic relief is provided by reason of the fact that Zeller, the naturalised German, was for several years hairdresser at the National Liberal Club. It was here that he basked in the sunshine of Mr. Asquith's smiles. "I have often cut the Premier's hair, and Dr. Macnamara's," he told a Folkestone Tribunal member recently. "I know them quite well, and if either was to see me now he would wave his hand in a genial way, and say, 'Hullo, how are you?'"

There is another striking point in regard to this officers' hotel. The manager is now employing as baker one Peter Jelacsies. Jelacsies went to Folkestone, registered as an enemy alien—an Austrian—and was interned. Doubts then crept into his mind about his nationality, and ultimately this registered and interned man satisfied the Home Office that he was a Serbian! So now he is back at the Grand Hotel, baking the officers' daily bread. What an extraordinary position!

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE

We are giving, *absolutely free of charge, an insurance* against ZEPPELIN OR OTHER AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, RAID, RIOT, CIVIL COMMOTION, CIVIL WAR, REVOLUTION, REBELLION, BLOCKADE—indeed, every war risk to Life, Limb and Home. Anyone can be insured, *irrespective of sex or age*, but a separate coupon must be filled in for each person. Remember, the Ordinary fire and accident Policies afford no protection whatever against war risks.

Our scheme is simple and comprehensive, and does not bother about any "legal representative" or "next-of-kin." We shall pay the amount to the insured, who must personally sign the coupon, or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else. Be sure to fill in a coupon for every member of your family. *The Newsagent's Order Form will keep you permanently insured during such period as this Insurance Scheme and your order to the Newsagent remain in force.* Readers may, however, obtain all the advantages by sending in every week the Registration Coupon—with clause (*a*) struck out, which will be available for seven days after its receipt by us.

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In respect of any person (*man, woman or child*) who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named, we will, subject to the fulfilment of the few simple conditions set out below, pay the sum of	£200
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Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£350
Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

Claims must be received by us within forty eight hours of the injury, and must be supported by such evidence as may be required by the Editor, whose decision shall be final upon all questions. Not more than one claim, which must be confined to one of the benefits, can be entertained in respect of any one person or home, the address of which must be registered.

We reserve to ourselves the right to limit our total payments to £10,000, and to pay not more than £5,000 in respect of claims from any one raid. Payment will be made subject to the rights which the claimant may have or acquire against any other newspaper or insurance body, we paying a proportionate amount of the total admitted claim.

Our Insurance Scheme applies exclusively to British-born subjects, and those of friendly Powers in the British Isles—*and not to Germans, Hungarians, Austrians, Turks, or Bulgarians, even though "naturalised," nor to members of His Majesty's Forces on Active Service, although the home of the latter, situate outside military or naval premises, may be insured.*

TO AVOID FILLING UP REGISTRATION FORM WEEKLY

You may, if you are a *regular* and *continuous* reader of JOHN BULL—or decide to become one—sign this coupon and hand it to your newsagent, and you will be insured for all the benefits of the Scheme as published in each issue, so long as this order and the scheme remain in force.

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And in the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby [illegible] any payment due under this insurance first ...

IF THIS HEN COULD TALK

she would tell you how to get more EGGS—BUT SHE CAN'T.

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Order it from your newsagent, or send for a FREE Specimen Copy, from—

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NOW. Every house-proud person should know it is still possible to obtain Catesbys Cork Lino—the ideal floor covering—at exceptionally moderate cash terms or by small easy payments. It is to your interest to write for patterns and prices at once. They're free if you mention this paper.—CATESBYS, LTD., (DEPT. 19), TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON, W.

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To each of the holders of copies of John Bull *of specified date*, bearing on the cover any of such numbers, we will, upon production within seven days of publication (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following have sent in correct claims:—

Mrs. E. BOON, 76, The Grove, East Hill, Wandsworth. August 26th. A218,639.

EVAN THOMAS, 138, Western Street, Swansea. September 2nd. 045,850.

JOHN CROSS, 5, Dale Road, Derby. September 9th. A301,709.

Mrs. J. WICKERSHAM, 9, Glen Road, Walthamstow. September 9th. 006,109.

JOHN BIRD, 1, West Richmond Street, Edinburgh. September 9th. 024,156.

J. B. WRIGHT, 58, St. John's Park Mansions, Upper Holloway. September 9th. 893,754.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of September 23rd:—

005,372	289,125	550,783	858,710	A157,333
027,145	299,713	579,114	897,324	A174,785
073,594	321,463	591,896	924,183	A222,621
112,651	346,990	642,380	952,005	A264,437
144,300	364,258	677,289	981,539	A289,005
153,350	392,702	690,406	A024,730	A335,525
169,245	438,879	723,157	A066,424	A348,856
180,102	461,346	785,973	A075,238	A383,491
223,762	485,127	834,564	A112,941	A403,273
257,204	527,459	844,367	A138,257	A425,642

The A prefixed indicates that it is plus a million. The Fifty numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published Oct. 4th).

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

By Our Own Tonsorial Artist.

MR. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN.

Goo' mornin', sir. . . . *'Air cullin'?* Yessir. I s'pose I can greet you as a fellow-craftsman now, sir? . . . *'Ow's that?* W'y, I unnerstand you're the Chairman of the new "Combin' Out Board," and I 'ope you won't allow no gaps in its teeth. The number of young, unmarried men wot's still to be seen walkin' erbout in civvies in every town is simply scandalous, an' the number of married men of good position an' 'eavy responsibilities wot 'ave joined up voluntarily under the Derby scheme and are now in khaki is pitiful. A pal o' mine, a married man erbout 40, wot is doin' 'is bit somew'eres on the East Coast, told me in a letter the other day thet there is six of 'em in 'is billet—orl men of persition. One is a sorter lay dignitary of some cathedral, another is a successful commercial traveller for a well-known firm, another is a Bank of England official, another a printer, an' two more are press men. They've orl got suthink the matter with 'em—the cathedral bloke 'as got a inlarged big toe joint wot gives 'im pertickler 'ell on the march, the traveller is knock-kneed, the Bank of England bloke 'as a ankle wot 'e would exchange with ennybody, one o' the press men 'as verycose veins in 'is leg wot on'y 'is putties keep from bustin', an' both the others are damaged somew'eres or other. Yet these men 'ave left their wives an' famblies to do their bit, an' are in danger enny day of some fool Medical Board 'avin' 'em re-examined an' parssed as A1—w'en the 'ole of 'em, rolled inter one, wouldn't make wot I call a fit man fur fightin' Germans. P'raps the lot of 'em represent a carnin' capacity of 50 quid a week—an' they are each drawin' three an' a tanner! They are put through physical jerks every mornin' an' 'ave to stab sacks with baynets every arfternoon, an' w'en the day is over they can 'ardly climb upstairs to bed. Now, w'ile they're doin' orl this, young, unmarried fit chaps are walkin' erbout in civvie soots, earnin' good money, an' livin' on the fat, simply becos they're in some munition works or Guv'ment orfice wot is shelterin' 'em. Do you think it fair, sir? . . . Ah, I thort chew wouldn't. Then make it yore bizness to see sich things is put right, sir. Don't let willin', middle-aged men be insulted in the streets by the sight of fit young fellers parssin' 'em in tweeds an' chokers. You've bin made Chairman o' the "Combin' Out Board." See thet it combs out to some purpose, an' gives these men a charnce to git back to their bizniss an' 'elp the country's trade along. . . . Thank you, sir. Goo' day, sir.

TALKS WITH NOTORIOUS HUNS.

By Our Own Celebrated Neutral.

THE KAISER AND THE "TANKS."

The Kaiser Wilhelm had sent for me.

"I want you the world to tell," he began, "that the British—may they be strafed in the most bottomless of the bottomless pits of Hell!—are——"

"Excuse me, your Majesty," I interrupted, "but do you think there will be accommodation in the place you mentioned? You've been losing a devil of a lot of troops lately, you know."

"It was of that I sent for you to speak," said the Arch-Hun, livid with fear and rage. "The British have invented and are using against my beloved troops a new and diabolical weapon, which cuts great chunks out of their ranks. I want you to tell the world that we God-fearing Germans are being unfairly attacked by mobile metal monsters which step over shell craters and trenches as if they were rain puddles in the road. The cowardly inventors of this new method of warfare gave me no warning of their nefarious intentions. Consequently we have been unable to prepare any defence against them!"

"Ah!" said I. "Tasting some of your own medicine. What about your surprise gas attacks in the early days of the war?"

"But my enemies have provided themselves with prote tive gas masks," complained the Kaiser, "whereas we have nothing with which to counter this new move on the part of the British."

"Not yet, perhaps," I said, encouragingly. "But no doubt you soon will have."

"That's the devil of it!" screamed the Kaiser. "We are too short of metal to build super-tanks. We have scarcely enough to produce the shells and guns required on our numerous fronts. The barbarous Britons (may their name be accursed!) have chosen this moment unfairly to introduce a new weapon into warfare!"

"These tanks don't attack women and children, do they?" I asked.

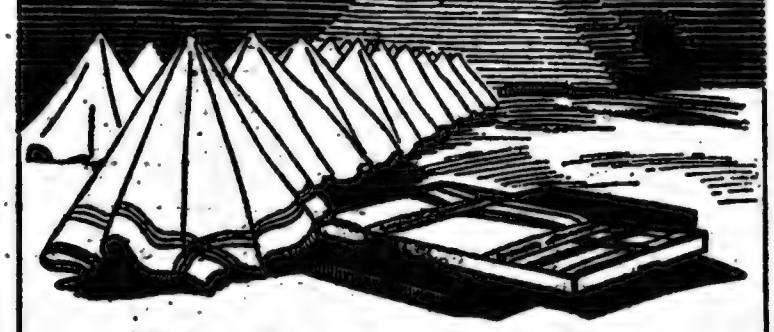
"They have no chance," sneered the Kaiser. "Our women and children are safe at home in Germany."

"Then don't you think they are an honourable and worthy retort to your Zeppelins?" I asked.

"You do not understand," roared the Kaiser. "These tanks place us at a disadvantage, which is against all the canons of warfare, as understood by me, the War-Lord, and I appeal to neutral sentiment to have the matter put right."

"You have the power to put matters right at any moment," I said, leaving the Presence.

PYRAMID HANDKERCHIEFS



THE SOVEREIGN is still worth 20/- when you buy Pyramids —the handkerchiefs that men like for style, softness and hard usage. Same quality, same price—white and indelible color borders. AND———Khaki for the Boys.

6½d. each 6/6 box of dozen

Every Pyramid bears the Pyramid label.

TOOTALS, 132, Cheapside, London, E.C. Manufacturers of the Great TOOTAL line.

P.35

FOR WOMEN WHO SUFFER

FROM

HEADACHES—BILIOUSNESS—CONSTIPATION.

For women who suffer from those ills which follow when the digestive organs have lost their tone and strength—for the many women who find their household or other duties a burden, because of indigestion, headaches, dizziness, biliousness, constipation, or the like, the most helpful advice that can be given is:—Restore your stomach, liver and bowels to regular, thorough working order, and these results of digestive disorder will pass away *naturally*.

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The experience of thousands testifies to the fact that no other remedy so quickly or so surely restores tone and vigour to the digestive organs as the stomach and liver tonic, Mother Seigel's Syrup. The medicinal extracts contained in the Syrup act directly, but gently, upon these organs, restoring their tone and activity so that they can do the work required of them, regularly and efficiently. During the past fifty years Mother Seigel's Syrup has proved a real friend to hundreds of thousands of men and women who have suffered from stomach and liver troubles, and because women are more liable to such troubles than men, it is particularly *their* friend! Test it for yourself to-day!

IS RECOMMENDED BY THOUSANDS OF FORMER SUFFERERS.

Prices, 1s. 3d. and (treble size) 2s. 9d.

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SPECIAL WAR-TIME OFFER TO THE READERS OF "JOHN BULL."

Britain can't afford to wait for trained men and women. All must get ready now.

We have published a series of beautifully illustrated books giving particulars of the opportunities that now await ambitious men and women in a number of profitable occupations.

If you are anxious to get a better position and increase your earnings we will send you one of these interesting and valuable books post free.

Women are specially invited to apply, also soldiers, sailors, and all men exempt from military service. Simply cut out and post the coupon below at once.

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Please send me, without obligation on my part, your illustrated book, describing the opportunities for gaining increased earnings in the occupation which I have marked X.

—Business Training	—Coal & Metal Mining
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—Salesmanship	—Electrical Engineering
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—Munition Work	—Marine Engineering
—Boiler Engineering	—Steam Engineering
—Gas Power Engineering	—Woodworking
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NOTE.—If the subject desired is not in the above List write it here.....

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IT makes no difference whether you have had previous lessons or not, whether you are 80 years of age or only 8, we guarantee that you can play the piano to-day by this wonderful and simple system. There are no sharps, flats, or theoretical difficulties to worry you, and no tiresome or wearisome exercises or scales to be learnt. You play correctly with both hands at once. No difficulty or drudgery whatever.

Failure is Impossible.

"You cannot fail." All you have to do is to sit down to the piano with your music and play it at once—Hymns, Songs, Classics, anything.

OVER 50,000 people are playing by it, and are playing perfectly. If they can do it, so can you.

If you are one of the thousands who have tried and failed, who have given up learning by the old method, dismayed by the difficulties or if you are afraid to begin because of drudgery, let me tell you all about this wonderful, simple, rapid, and perfect System, which is a real educator. The word "educator" means "to lead out," or "to draw out." It does not mean to "cram in." Our system draws out the musical powers of our students from the very first lesson. Take advantage of the offer we make on the coupon below, and by return of post you will receive five tunes which we guarantee you can play, thus you can prove for yourself the simplicity of our system and the accuracy of our statements. This small outlay will open up the delights of the vast realms of music to you and give you many years of pleasure.

No One Need Ever Say, "I Wish I Could Play": Everybody Can Do It To-day.

READ WHAT OTHER PEOPLE SAY.

Mr. D. Higgs, of Halesowen, writes: "I have had your first lesson a little over a week, and anyone hearing me play it would think I had played the piano for years."

A Composer of 3,000 popular songs says: "I consider it the most ingenious invention in connection with music I have ever seen."

Another Pupil writes after 5 lessons: "Your system is splendid."

Another Pupil writes after 6 lessons: "I can play well, and am teaching two of my friends."

A Mother writes: "Florrie can play splendidly, and I can play also. Your system is certainly splendid, and is just as easy as you said."

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER COUPON. JOHN BULL.

To the Manager, NAUNTON'S NATIONAL MUSIC SYSTEM, Ltd., Memorial Hall, Farringdon Stre., London, E.C.

Being a reader of JOHN BULL and desiring to test your system, I send herewith Postal Order for **One Shilling and Elspence,** in return for which please send me your **"Special No. 1,"** published at **2s.,** containing five tunes, with instructions how I can play at the first sitting, also particulars of how I can become a thorough musician.

NOTE.—Fill in Postal Orders, payable to Naunton's National Music System, Ltd.

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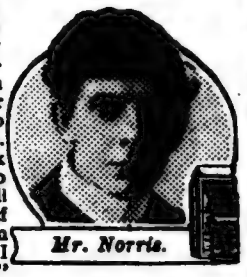
War-Worker Cured of Stomach and Liver Trouble.



Mr. Norris.

Mr. Frank Norris, of 49, Loraine Road, Holloway Road, London, N., says: "My whole body was in pain. It gripped me across the back, it was in my chest, and just over the kidneys it was just like something stabbing me. I was in pain when I set out in the morning, and it never ceased all the day. Another trouble was palpitation, caused by wind. It was no use trying to diet myself; I suffered whatever I ate. After months of this suffering I was terribly weak and run-down; indeed, I thought I should have to give up work. Nothing I tried did any good till I got Dr. Cassell's Tablets. They brought relief almost at once. I got better rapidly, and soon was in excellent health. Now, under stress of over-work, I take Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and they keep me well."

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

Dr. Cassell's Tablets are Nutritive, Restorative, Alterative, Anti-Spasmodic, and of great Therapeutic Value in all derangements of the Nerve and Functional Systems in old or young. They are the recognised modern home remedy for:—

Nervous Breakdown	**Nervous Debility**	**Stomach Disorders**
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Spinal Paralysis	**Anæmia**	**Wasting Diseases**
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Neurasthenia	**Indigestion**	**Loss of Flesh**

Specially valuable for Nursing Mothers, and during the Critical Periods of Life. Sold by Chemists and Stores in all parts of the world, including leading Chemists in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Africa, and India.

Prices: 1s., 1s. 3d., *and* 3s.—*the* 3s. *size being the most economical.*

FREE BOX sent on receipt of name and address and 2 penny stamps for postage and packing. Apply Dr. Cassell's Co., Ltd., Box D.E.5, Chester Road, Manchester.

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are really Waterproof Stockings, fitting completely over the socks—inside the boots—at bottom, and fastening to waist buttons at top. They afford adequate protection against the terrors of cold and damp—against Frostbite, Rheumatism and Pneumonia. Can be slipped into the pocket.

PER 15/6 PAIR.

One Dozen Pairs, £9. Postage, U.K., 5d. per pair; to France, 1/-.

. . . Order a pair for YOUR Soldier to-day. At least write for Catalogue of Soldiers' Requisites.

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When buying Dog, Poultry and Cage Bird FOODS —be careful of fancy names.

Some foods you *think* are SPRATT'S are *not* SPRATT'S at all. Always look for the name

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SPRATT'S PATENT, LTD., 24-25, Fenchurch Street, London, E.C.

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TOMMY'S AND JACK'S PAGE.

A WEEKLY TRIBUNE OF THE SOLDIER AND SAILOR.

OUR PLEDGE:
"No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged and unremedied."
Horatio Bottomley in JOHN BULL, *19th August, 1916.*

Insult to Injury.

A number of men in the Sausanne district are in billets. They have been under shell-fire every day, and the Germans naturally have damaged the place. The men have been charged with billet damage! This is about the limit.

The Choleric Captain.

In a Sussex Camp last week a Captain paraded his company, and among other things edified them with the following remarks: "No doubt you take your officers for b—— fools, and I daresay you will write to JOHN BULL about it; but I don't care a damn for JOHN BULL or any other rag." Dear us! But "That in the Captain's but a choleric word which in the soldier is flat blasphemy"!

Debit and Credit.

We continue to receive complaints from men who have money due to them by their regiments and yet are told that they are in debt. Some plausible reasons have been sent to us by the officials who handle the men's money, but their contentions will not hold water. One Quartermaster complains because we recently pointed a finger at his class, and tells us that the Quartermasters are officers and gentlemen, and the most honest fellows in the world. What does Tommy think of this? We were inclined to send our correspondent the name and regiment of a Quartermaster who drew the meagre pay of a Junior Officer, was without legitimate "private means," and yet was able to send his wife £10 weekly!

"Medicine and Duty."

The average Army doctor has come to regard as malingerers the majority of men who report sick, and with a growl orders them "medicine and duty"—which means a disagreeable dose and hard work. We have had laid before us many cases showing the disastrous effects of this system. In some instances the neglect of proper action on the part of the doctors has meant a gun-carriage and firing party. The latest case brought to our attention concerns a man who reported to the doctor and was given the usual "M.D.," although his was a case of dysentery. After some days he collapsed and was admitted to hospital, where he died. If the higher authorities wish for details, they may have them; and, as we have said, this is not an isolated case.

Hospital Stoppages.

The instructions issued to the press by the authorities concerning what may or may not be said about the Army are based on the German lines of frightfulness; but in face of facts we cannot be silent. According to Regulations, when a man enters hospital sevenpence a day is stopped out of his money. Should he have the good or bad luck to be married, he is thus automatically placed in debt to the extent of a penny a day—as, of course, the sixpence allotted to his wife is also deducted. "Scurvy enough treatment," the civilian will say; but what about this? Healthy men undergo vaccination, and some of them in consequence fall victims to blood poisoning and other evils—not a few of them being affected for life. When men are compelled to go into hospital as the result of inoculation they, too, are stopped the sevenpence a day, to pay for the treatment rendered necessary by the negligence of the doctor, who has probably used a dirty needle or impure lymph.

Tardy Justice.

We welcome the regulation now issued providing that when a man who is under stoppage of pay is killed at the Front, his dependents' separation allowance will be continued for 26 weeks.

The Soldier's Glad Rags.

A man on leaving the Service is entitled to a suit of civilian clothing—or, should he have his own, to the sum of 17s. 7d. The Quartermaster at the Canadian Red Cross Hospital at Taplow appears to be under a misapprehension, as we understand he declines to pay the men the money in lieu of clothing. We should like to know upon what regulation he bases his refusal.

Branding Our Heroes.

Several scrapped soldiers, discharged in the West-End in all the glory of the 17s. 7d. suits, called at an Uxbridge Road outfitter's the other day to purchase caps to replace those served out to them. No wonder they desired a change, as the head-coverings given to them by the grateful nation had stamped inside, in block letters, "Hammersmith Workhouse"!

The Meanest Nation on Earth.

The Post Office will naturally have its pound of flesh. The other day a postman called at the residence of a woman in Poplar with a postal packet, which he would not deliver up until she had paid an excess postage of twopence, although the envelope was endorsed "On His Majesty's Service." When the poor woman opened the envelope she found it contained the official notification of her husband having been killed at the front. The letter, by the way, was forwarded from the Record Office, No. 9 District.

Dishonoured in Death.

A short time ago a German prisoner was drowned; he was given a funeral with full military honours, speeches, and hymns sung by a choir being thrown in. Two days afterwards, in the same neighbourhood, one of our own soldiers, of seventeen years' service, died and was buried without honours—because a funeral party "could not be spared." Again, in Buttevant, Co. Cork, a Tommy died and was given the usual honours—except that, instead of a gun-carriage, the body was conveyed to the cemetery on a cart drawn by a donkey, which followed behind the band!

The Victualling Allowance.

Again we ask Mr. Balfour, when will the bluejacket's victualling allowance be increased? We should also like to know if it is a fact that all ratings have been ordered to purchase winter clothing at their own expense.

"Kissing Going by Favour"?

A few weeks ago one of our sporty submarines had the luck to sink a Hun underwater boat in the North Sea. The skipper received the D.S.O., and two of the crew of 27 were granted the D.S.M.—one of them a stoker. The other 25 men are wondering where they come in.

Warrant Officers in the Cold.

In drawing up his lengthy list of awards for good service in the battle off the Jutland Bank, Sir John Jellicoe appears to have completely overlooked the Warrant Officers—who, naturally, feel that they have been slighted. Nothing, we are sure, could be further from the gallant Admiral's mind, and we can only hold out to the W.O.s the crumb of comfort that a supplementary list may yet be issued.

Magnificent Marconi Men.

Marconi operators at sea are supplied with uniforms by their Company, adorned with brass badges of greased lightning, sparks and other things. They appear, however, to be insufficiently glorious for the operators on our hospital ships, who affect Naval Transport Officers' badges in their caps, and substitute officers' buttons for those that distinguish the Marconi men. We are afraid that the sensational "wireless" tales recently published have turned the heads of some of these youngsters.

Making a Bit.

There is a Sailors' and Soldiers' Club on the sea-front at Dover, to which all serving men are welcome. No doubt many members of the public subscribe to the institution under the impression that it offers great advantages to members of the Services. We should, therefore, like to ask the management why they charge the men a halfpenny for a miserable sheet of common notepaper of a quality fetching about sixpence a large box, with envelopes to match, in any retail stationer's shop in London. In Y.M.C.A. huts and tents the same charge is made; the profit on the transaction must be enormous.

MISSING MEN.

We would welcome news of the following:

L.-Cpl. H. Ward, 13607, Yorks and Lancs.; Pte. F. H. Waister, 12220, C Coy., D.L.I.; Pte. A. Long, 23497, A Coy., Northants Regt.; Pte. I. J. Roberts, 26100, B Coy., R.W.F.; Pte. W. H. Rushton, 842, D Coy., Durham Lt. Infantry; L.-Cpl. E. Forrest, 17850 King's Liverpools; Pte. G. O'Keeffe, 17933, King's Liverpools; L.-Cpl. W. Fraser, 3746, B Coy., 1st Pioneer Batt., Australian Div.; Pte. L. R. Eyden, 970, D Coy., Royal Fusrs.; L.-Cpl. W. S. Gray, 18771, A Coy., Cameronians; Pte. H. S. Sharman, 18119, D Co., Suffolk Regt.; Pte. J. Foulkes, 13936, North Staffs.; Pte. R. Nuttall, 26518, C Coy., Manchesters; Pte. F. Waghorn, 2800, The Buffs; L.-Cpl. S. Miles, T/M 055552, A.S.C.; Pte H. Wheatley, 1336, D Coy., Leeds Pals, West Yorks; Pte. A. Black, 7th Platoon, Black Watch; Cpl. E. Collins, 1636, R. W. Regt.; Sapper E. Durston, 13985, 3113 Coy., Field Engineers, A.I.F.; Pte. R. Campbell, 9523, A Coy., Gordon Hdrs.; Pte. R. Hamper, 3604, B Coy., Royal Sussex; Pte. P. Batstone, 2905, Gloucesters; Pte. A. Farquhar, 10862, Cameron Hdrs.; Pte. D. Farquhar, 15084, Royal Scots; Pte. (or Drummer) Alex. Mackie, 17089, C Coy., The Royal Scots; Pte. T. Fenton, 13237, B Coy., Lincolnshires; Driver W. E. Thorpe, 19918, 35th Battery, R.F.A.; Pte. M. Bellamy, 3148, D Coy., Sherwood Foresters; L.-Cpl. Wm. Urquhart, 15782, C Coy., Cameron Hdrs.; Sergt. W. J. Thurtell, 16303, 15th Coy., Machine Gun Corps; Pte. P. J. Osborne, 2571, C Coy., Middlesex; Pte. F. B. Bailey, 9112, D Coy. Oxford and Bucks Lt. I.; Sergt. W. H. O'Halleran, 236, 24th Northd. Fusrs.; L.-Cpl. W. E. Dumelow, 1435, Sherwood Foresters; Pte. T. H. Bryson, 30543, Royal Scots; Pte. S. Spence, 15993, A Coy., Black Watch; Pte. C. W. Hall, 41209, Sherwood Foresters; Pte. T. Lidgett, 12325, A Coy., Lincolns; L.-Cpl. A. Finn, 17628, King's Liverpools; Coy. Sergt.-Major McNicholls, 5805, King's Royal Rifles; Sergt. A. Whieldon, 18537, B Coy., 10th Lancs. Fusrs.; Pte. N. Waddington, B Coy., Yorks. and Lancs.; Pte. E. P. Blake, 708, Loyal North Staffs.

GROWS HAIR OR MONEY BACK.

NOVEL OFFER OF LEADING CHEMISTS.

The remarkable improvement in the hair that has so frequently and invariably been reported following the use of a simple hair remedy composed of 1 oz. Lavona de Composee, ½ dram Menthol Crystals, and 3 oz. Bay Rum, has caused such widespread interest and comment that many chemists now keep it put up complete and ready for use under the name of Lavona Hair Tonic. Its uniform success in destroying dandruff, stopping falling hair, promoting hair growth, and making thin, dry, brittle hair thick, soft, glossy, and luxuriant, has been so astonishing that the manufacturers of Lavona Hair Tonic, in order to show their unlimited confidence in its merits, have arranged with all branches of Boots Cash Chemists, Taylor's Drug Co., Timothy White, Lewis and Burrows, Parke's Drug Stores, Henry Hodder and Co., Ltd., and other leading chemists everywhere, to sell it under an absolute guarantee of satisfaction or money back, signed by the chemist from whom you purchase it. No claim is made that Lavona Hair Tonic is any better than that which any chemist can prepare from the above formula, but if you wish to convince yourself of its truly remarkable merits without risking the loss of a penny, go to the nearest branch of any of the above, or to any other good chemist to-day and ask for a bottle of Lavona Hair Tonic — "the kind they guarantee."—[Advt.]

Britain builds the best ships in the World.

Britain makes the best textiles in the World.

Britain brews the best Lager in the World—

ALLSOPP'S

Fight the Germs

that **poison** and **impoverish** the **blood** and cause disease. **TUMOURS, ABSCESSES, ULCERS, TUBERCULOSIS,** and **INTERNAL GROWTHS** do not attack suddenly. Their forerunners, DEPRESSION, HEADACHE, BILIOUSNESS, INDIGESTION, SLEEPLESSNESS, warn you that disease has pierced the defences of health, and will enslave the body unless you destroy the disease.

VITADATIO DESTROYS DISEASE

by removing the **cause.** It cleanses the system, restores health and vitality in the most serious and long-standing diseases when other treatments fail.

Sold by Boots Cash Chemists, and Taylor's Drug Stores, or post free at 1s. 3d., 2s. 6d., and 5s. per bottle. Send postcard for **FREE TRIAL BOTTLE** and testimonials to Vitadatio, Ltd. (Dept. J. B.), Park Square, Leeds.

Vitadatio
THE MEDICINE THAT CURES

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

IMMEDIATE HELP FOR DEPENDENTS OF OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

The object of our present Fund is to afford immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors now fighting for their country, and who, owing to invidious inquiries and red-tape officialism, are stranded for want of money. We do not trouble ourselves about marriage or birth certificates, or clergymen's references, or anything of that kind; but whenever we find the dependent of a soldier or sailor in distress and unable to procure assistance from official funds, we at once do what is in our power—giving anything from 10s. to £5, according to the circumstances of each case. We also, in exceptional instances, make grants to civilians suffering from the effects of the war. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses. We give below a synopsis of a few typical cases relieved during the past week.

A man was sent out of the Service for medical reasons, and although he was helpless could not obtain the money due to him from the authorities. He, his wife, and two young children, were starving and lying on the bare floor of a top back room until he came to us. We treated him as an ex-soldier should be treated.

Sent out of the Army because he had a bullet through his ankle, which prevents him standing for any length of time, and thus debarred him from obtaining work to support himself, his wife, and family of four small children, an ex-Tommy has nothing but a temporary pension of 12s. 6d. a week. The poor fellow was in dire distress, but we helped him through our fund.

A widow gave her only two sons to the country; both have been killed. She is not entitled to any money from the greatest Empire in the world. The unfortunate creature came to us in her grief, and we did what those who subscribe to our fund would desire.

We cannot understand why so many pensioners should be compelled to come to us with the report that, for some reason or another, they cannot get their pensions from the authorities for weeks at a time. In most of the cases the men are unable to work, and the lapses of the well-paid officials mean acute distress for them. We do all we can for such cases, while feeling that the help should be given by the Government, as a right, and not through such a small charitable effort as ours.

A set is still being made on our little fund by professional cadgers—and, we regret to say, by men who by the uniform recently worn by them were considered as soldiers. The display of a discharge paper is not sufficient to ensure a grant of money to an applicant who says he is unable to work owing to ill-health. Of course, in cases where it is obvious to us that a man cannot take up employment he will get immediate relief.

John Bull circulates in the most out-of-the-way corners of the earth, and our kith and kin in lands that are seldom heard of we are glad to say, support our fund. Barotseland is off the beaten track in Africa, and we felt pleasure the other day when we received a cheque for £80 from a prominent local citizen, with an assurance that more is to follow. Such recognition of our endeavours is pleasing indeed, and affords one more proof of the splendid patriotic spirit animating the far-flung tentacles of Empire.

A lad died in a Liverpool hospital as the result of wounds received at the front. His parents reside in London, and naturally wished to have him brought home for burial. His father had just been discharged from hospital, and, consequently, the humble parents were not overburdened with money. In these circumstances the boy was refused a military funeral, but we saw to it that he had decent sepulture at home, though without gun carriage and firing party.

A soldier was allowed home to see his dying wife. When he arrived he found that most of his household goods had been pawned to "keep the home fire burning." There were two helpless children, and the distress was great. We took immediate steps to straighten things out.

An ex-Navy man was discharged with rheumatism and chest trouble, but with no pension to help him along. A few days before he visited us he pawned his overcoat to pay his way in a Rowton House. Then the North wind blew, and the poor fellow suffered. His one desire was to get to Devonport, where he has friends. We saw that his overcoat was redeemed, and that he had his railway fare and something over.

WAR RELIEF FUND SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Won't *You* Help?

J. J. J. (Hindhead) £5; F. D. (Gospel Oak), £3 3s.; J. S. (Peebles), 5s.; F. G. (Sunninghill), 2s. 6d; "Discharged R.E.," 1c.; J. N. H., 1s.; "A Mother," 2s. 6d.; M. C., 1s.; B. W. T. (Fishponds), 3s.; "Maureen from Ireland," 1s. 6d.; C. R. L., 5s.; "A Little Help," 2s.; A. McC., 1s.; W. G. W., 3s.; D. N. B., 1s.; C. A. W., 1s.; Anon., 1s.; "Regular Reader" (Bletchley), 2s. 6d.; "Nswam Old Crocks," 23s.; "Argument," 6d.; "Crew of s.s. *St. Elmo*" (per F. L.), 15s.; G. C., 2s.; "Phil," 5s.; Cpl. G. D. (Chatham), 5s.; Mrs. J. Q., 2s. 6d.; Mrs. T. C. W., £10; C. E. P., 1s.; W. W. (Bradford), 2s.; H. S., 1s. 6d.; "A Leaguer's Bet," 7s.; A. L., £3 3s.; W. P., 1s. 6d.; W. N. S. (Brechin), 2s. 6d.; "Officers and Engineers of s.s. *Lal Sang*," £11 10s. 9d.; H. P., £2 10s.; "Ivy Mary," 3s.; E. A. T. (Barry Docks), 10s.; Col. G. W. D., 10s.; "3B," £1; Y. M. G., 1s.; "Southwark," £1; "Kat's Eye," 1s.; F. C., 5s.; "Endeavour," 6s.; A. W. M., 1s. 6d.; Mrs. B., £2; "Tommy's Friend," 1s.; Mrs. L. D., 2s.; M. E. C., 3s.; X., 5s.; Edith, Wilfred, Ernest, 7s.; "Thankful," 5s.; M. F., 1s.; R. N., 2s.; "East Anglian," 5s.; "Soldier's Sister," 2s. 6d.; "34185's Girl," 1s.; "Chateau," £2 2s.; M. A. T., 1s.; S. R. H., 1s.; W. B. W., 2s. 6d.; Mrs. R. J. W., 5s.; E. E., 1s.; "Tim," 1s.; Mrs. E. V. S., 1s. 6d.; A. M., 6d.; W. H. W., 2s.; "The Widow's Mite," 1s.; W. S. (Huddersfield), 2s. 6d.; "Clickety Click," £1; "Unknown," 1s.; Weekly Collection, C. P. S. (Woolwich Arsenal), 8s. 9d.; M. D. H., 1s.; "Vin-Blonk" (B.E.F.), 1s.; "En Amie," 10s.; Anon., 6d.; "A Welshman," 5s.; A. G. S. (Harewood), 5s.; "Little Johnnie," 8s.; "Maru," 5s.; "Tobermory" (Argyllshire), 2s. 6d.; W. P., 1s.; G. B., 1s.; J. H., 1s.; "Bessie," 1s.; "Nix" (Halifax, N.S.), £2; Weekly Collection R.N. Hutments (per A. S.), 13s.; E. S. D., 5s.; L. G. (Guernsey), 2s. 6d.; P. W., 1s. 3d.; "Poor," 5s.; "Barotselanders," £30.

COLLECTING BOXES.

Scarisbrick, nr. Ormskirk.—Mr. J. Sharrock, "Red Lion Hotel," 3s.

Aberdeen.—Mr. T. Cecil Warren, University Bar, Torry, 2s. 9d.

Penarth.—Mr. W. E. Jones, 37, Stanwell Road, £2 14s. 6d.

Cardiff.—Mr. W. N. Wood, Mercantile Stores, Clarence Road, 9s. 2d.; Mr. R. V. Esnouf, Cardiff Motor School, 10, St. John Crescent, Canton, 8s. 1d.; Mr. V. Webb, 48-49, Principality Bldg., Queen's Street, 3s.

Co. Durham.—Mr. Rayson Cockton, Supt. Dept., Dinsdale Station, 2s. 6d.

Maidstone.—Mr. G. Hood, 35, Upper Stone Street, 3s.

East Greenwich.—Captain and Crew of s.s. *Dulwich*, S. Metropolitan Gas. Co., East Greenwich, £1 3s.

London.—Mr. T. Dove, "Printers' Arms," Lower Kennington Lane, 13s. 1d.; Mr. F. Shields, "Cricketers," Newington Butts, 3s.; Mr. E. H. Westley, "Lord Lyndhurst," Lyndhurst Road, Peckham, 2s. 8d.

QUAKER OATS SMILE. Oct. 1903.

"What ! Quaker Oats" exclaimed the Kid.
"I think I'll eat some"—and he did.
Then o'er his youthful features slid,
The Smile that won't come off.

The Smile— that won't come off—

It was Quaker Oats that put that smile on the British face some thirteen years ago—

The men now in "Khaki" were then boys growing plucky and masterful on Quaker Oats. Those "Quaker Smile" Ads. came true.

Quaker Oats is still the "smile" food —for the men at the Front—and the workers at home.

The great economy of Quaker Oats brings the smile of relief to the mother worried by the high cost of living.

QUAKER OATS LTD., FINSBURY SQ., LONDON, E.C. 16/8

Just as good as New!

An old suit cleaned and pressed by our special process will look practically as good as new—that is what our customers say. It costs but 3s. 9d. (plus less than 10 per cent. War Tax) and you will be able to save the money you would otherwise spend on a new suit. Carriage free if handed to one of our Branches or Agents. Write for List.

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STRENGTH IS WHAT YOU NEED.

If you are tired, weak, run-down and lack ambition or nerve force you are running the risk of having a serious breakdown if you fail to secure proper treatment at once.

For those who are suffering from loss of strength or nerve-troubles there is nothing that can equal Sargol for revitalising the nerve cells and bringing strength and energy to every part of the body. Sargol has increased the strength of delicate, run-down, nervous people more than 300 per cent. in many instances. It does not matter whether you have lost your strength and nerve-power from overwork, illness, or from business worries, Sargol will bring back your old-time strength and energy if you will give it a fair trial. It strengthens the system and tones it up as no other preparation can.

Sargol is a doctor's prescription, and not a patent medicine. It is so carefully prepared that even the weakest stomach will quickly assimilate its strength and nerve-restoring properties. That is why it is prescribed so freely by physicians for those whose strength is below normal. If you are wondering if Sargol would actually benefit you, why not do the one thing which can convince you—give Sargol a trial? And with your nerves begging you for help and your friends worrying about your condition, why not do this soon?

Sargol is sold and recommended by such high-class firms as Boots Cash Chemists, Harrods, Selfridges, Taylor's Drug Stores, Lewis & Burrows, and Wm. Whiteley's. If you do not live near a dealer, send 3s. direct to the

SARGOL COMPANY (Dept. 401),
Carlton House, Great Queen Street, London, W.C.

CRAYOL CIGARETTE CARTOON. — No. 6.

HEROES OF ANZAC.

Because he's a hero, he smoked with a smile
The awful tobacco he found by the Nile;
And, still more heroic, he laughed and
he joked
When Turkish tobacco had got to be
smoked.
But now that he's strafing the Huns in
the West,
He always smokes Cravols—because they
are best.

CRAYOL

VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

The only match for a CRAYOL is the one you light it with.

They're *favourites* all right. It's their flavour. Full yet mild. That's one reason. Then they're full size. No shrinkage owing to the War. You should smoke 'em. Twenty good reasons in each 7½d. packet.

IN BOXES.
20 for 7½d.
Also in Packets.
10 for 4d.

P.C.B.—6

DUTY FREE TOBACCO.

Clarkson's Special Twist.

An Ideal Smoking and Chewing Tobacco.

2/4 per lb. POSTAGE 1/- extra.

Despatched to Expeditionary Forces. Send P.O. to

JAMES CLARKSON & SON,
93, High Street, Falkirk.

See "John Bull's" Advertisement Guarantee on page ii of Cover.

A FINE TREATMENT FOR CATARRH.

Easy to Make and Costs Little.

If you suffer from Catarrh, head noises, sore throat, asthma, or Hay Fever, here is a fine recipe that invariably effects a permanent cure after all other treatments have failed.

Its effect in the worst cases is most striking and positive.

The Catarrhal poison is quickly driven from the system, and its tonic action immediately increases the vitality, which is always lowered by this insidious disease. From your chemist obtain 1 oz. of Parmint (double strength), about 2s. 9d. worth; take this home and add to it ½-pint of hot water, two tablespoonsful of brandy, and 4 ozs. of moist or granulated sugar. Take one dessertspoonful four times a day.

The first dose promptly ends the most miserable headache, dulness, sneezing, sore throat, running of the nose, Catarrhal discharges, head noises, and other loathsome symptoms that always accompany this disgusting disease.

Loss of smell, defective hearing, and mucus dropping in the back of the throat are other symptoms that show the presence of Catarrh, and which are quickly overcome by the use of this simple treatment.

Every person who has Catarrh in any form should give this prescription a trial. There is nothing better.—[Advt.]

BEAUTY DOCTOR TELLS SECRET.

Beauty Doctor Gives Simple Recipe to Darken Grey Hair and Promote Its Growth.

Miss Alice Whitney, a well-known beauty doctor, recently gave out the following statement: "Anyone can prepare a simple mixture at home, at very little cost, that will darken grey hair, promote its growth and make it soft and glossy. To a half-pint of water add 1 oz. of bay rum and a small box of Orlex Compound. These ingredients can be bought at any chemist's at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This will make a grey-haired person look 20 years younger. It is also fine to promote the growth of the hair, and relieves itching and dandruff."—Advt.

When sending Tommy's next parcel enclose a large tin of

Kkovah Health Salt

It's the most refreshing drink he can have, and its unique saline properties will brace him up—make him fit and keep him fit. Now that the hot weather is coming, it is a much safer drink than water alone. So that you won't forget to order a tin from your grocer to-day! And see it is Kkovah

Of Grocers, Chemists, & all Boots' Branches in 6d. and 1/- tins.

SEND FOR LARGE TIN.

If unable to obtain, a large tin will be sent on receipt of P.O. or stamps, 1/-. Please mention grocer, and we will refund postage.

SUTCLIFFE & BINGHAM, Ltd., Cornbrook, Manchester

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when forwarding cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

Correspondents are requested not to send original certificates, testimonials, etc., as, though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be forwarded in the first instance.

Letters must be addressed to the Editor or the Publishers, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters. Financial, Insurance, Legal and Sporting inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and, except in the case of the last-named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for a shilling. All communications should be directed to 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.

D. B. (Leytonstone).—So far as we know, nobody else has been mentioned in connection with Lieut. Robinson's famous exploit; therefore we assume he "piloted his machine and dropped bombs on the Zepp all with one pair of hands."

J. A. (Colchester).—With you in thinking that in the new Parliament no candidate who will not undertake to get rid of the Uncontrolled Board and all its works should be elected.

G. H. L. (Landore).—"Which country first adopted the steel headgear?" We think our statesmen put on their tin hats as soon as anybody.

W. A. D. (Montreal).—You urge us to "turn out the muddlers and place the King in charge." Failing that, we are to take charge on our own! You set us a big job.

J. B. F. (Liverpool).—Though London docks are said to be a retreat for shirkers, Mr. Sexton, Sec., N.U. of Dock Labourers, says there are not many in the Liverpool Docks. And Liverpool laughs derisively!

A. D. C. (Redditch).—"Absolute tosh" is your description of a letter received from a Government Department. Take care that you don't get prosecuted under the blasphemy laws.

Mrs. E. C. (Porth).—Cannot say why the authorities are so tender to the German shopkeeper you mention. Perhaps he has called at the Home Office and kissed the Union Jack.

F. B. (Nantwich).—As a farmer, you tell us that while the Government are hesitating whether or not to buy your wool clip, it is losing in weight. Perhaps that's the idea; but if the wool is also deteriorating in quality, it isn't as clever as it looks.

F. H. (Ludlow).—Afraid it is undeniable that many signalmen are shockingly underpaid, and in the public interest there is much to be said for a statutory minimum wage for this class of worker.

S. L. (Tring).—Sorry that in your district there is a famine of "workersonfarms"; but, for Heaven's sake, don't string your words together in this Hunlike style.

"Panel Doctor."—You wish we would "take up panel doctors' grievances." But over every aspect of the matter we have already shed inky tears.

Mrs. F. W. (Balham).—It is almost incredible that the alien sentenced to two months imprisonment for a serious lighting offence "was in his shop on the following morning, and is still there." Look again and make sure.

J.W. R. (Tottenham Court Road).—"Perhaps you can wrap it up better than I can." But what's that to do with it? You evidently want things uncovered.

B. G. (Blackburn).—Of course the Navy is the senior service, but yet it *does* seem natural to say, "Tommy and Jack"! It was shameful neglect to keep your brother, a survior from H.M.S. ———, without soap, towel, or temporary kit, and for 12 days without a penny, when he had lost everything.

J. B. (Swindon).—If a railway company doctor declined to set your little boy's broken arm because his father was not an employee of the Company, he was a disgrace to his profession, and deserved all you say to him.

"Disgusted" (Bradford).—For the best of reasons, we have already urged the Government to keep a sharper eye on enemy aliens in the Bradford district.

"Nephriotis" (Sunderland).—More than once have we condemned Jackson and Son, of Grimsby, for obliterating the inscription, "Printed in Germany," on their postcards. It is mean deceit, if no worse.

A. E. (Preston).—It sounds reasonable to exempt a man in the chemical trade, a reserved occupation; but, if it is a single young fellow, who only attends to box-makers and packers, his job could well be given to somebody who has done his bit.

R. J. P. (Larkhall).—It does seem hard that good-hearted people like you, having genuinely adopted a child, are denied any abatement of Income Tax.

C. W. (Belton Park).—Seven days' work a week for soldiers in depot at home is too much. Unnecessary Sunday tasks should be abolished.

C. M. B. (Zoons A.S.C.).—"I fight, I die—All's one; If all would fight—All's won!" Very neatly put.

J. M. (R.G.A.).—Sorry you have been done in buying rotten Swedish and Dutch matches. But we are all in the same (match) box!

"Admiral" (Norfolk, Va.).—Serving on transports to and fro, you have had the bad luck to encounter two naval officers who "talked to you like a bully." Just consider them as exceptional rotters, and carry on—"satisfied in doing your bit," as you finely say.

"Maureen from Ireland."—Thanks for telling us of the lady on the railway to "the Brighton of Ireland," who gave her two children a penny each "to be sure to remind her to buy John Bull at the end of the journey." Happily, most of our readers need no such jog.

D. M. (Moss Side).—Glad to hear that, although your applications to West & Co., Music Publishers, for a statement of account in regard to a song published by them eighteen months ago had hitherto been ignored, immediately after the publication of our recent paragraph you received an account and the magnificent sum of 3s. as royalties. Several others of the score or so of readers who have complained regarding this firm have written us in the last few days that they too have received trifling sums for royalties.

"South Wales" (Llan.).—It is quite probable that the map of Liverpool was made in Germhuny; the original negatives of many of our picture postcard views of dockyards, etc., the sale of which is now prohibited over here, are still in Saxony.

"WITH INTEREST."—Old soldiers, 50 to 60, guarding German prisoners, deserve good treatment from sergeant-majors young enough to be their sons. The Old Guard at Donington Hall are not so happy as they might be.

"JEAN" (Healey) says the phrase "the thin red line" was not the coinage of Kinglake, but of Archibald Forbes, who described the British soldiers meeting the Russians as a "thin red streak, topped by a line of steel."

"MUM" (H.M.S. ——) suggests that on the next Zepp raid we ought to drop some bombs on a Germhun internment camp in the neighbourhood of the visit, "and pretend a Zepp did it." We make no remarks.

C. E. C. (Plumstead)—We do not think anybody, except perhaps British Secret Service agents, knows the "length of the new Germhun super-Zepps and what they cost."

"OLD READER" (Brockmoor) advises any draper's assistant, pork butcher, greengrocer or cobbler who would like a good job as a foreman expert in projectile-making, to apply at the National Projectile Factory, Dudley.

"SENTINEL" (London, S.W.).—"Which country is the most drunken in the world, if this is not?" Probably Germhuny. Neither sobriety nor drunkenness is necessarily to be measured by the quantity or cost of anybody's drink bill.

"ENGLISH" (London, W.) is told that "the inhabitants of Dorchester have collected £4,000 to buy gramophones for Germhun prisoners interned in the neighbourhood." In that case the inhabitants of Dorchester ought to be tarred and feathered. But from the many letters which have reached us from people living in the town, protesting at the presence of these Hun-desirables, we much doubt the story.

"ARMENTIERES" (Shoreham).—As you were discharged no longer medically fit, you cannot be called up, according to present Regulations. Your remittance has been handed to our War Sufferers' Fund.

"TOMMY" (Chichester).—A "Bullets" First Prize of £1,000 has already been won on two occasions by soldiers. So if you win it again this week, you will accomplish the hat trick for the Army.

R. H. M. (Earlsfield).—All munition workers do not make £10 a week. Your 18s. 11d. for 37 hours' night work is proof.

LUM LIE, CHOW CHEE, SING TAI, WO FAT, YEE YOU KEE, and OTHERS (Liverpool).—If anybody has been saying about you things they didn't ought, they should handsomely apologise.

H. H. (Broxbourne).—Why bother, when you can obtain a JOHN BULL pen at a fraction of the price?

W. K.—"I have seen ofel sightes in Edinburgh." You should not go looking for them.

L. G. B. (G.P.O.).—We note that you "have one wife." You have reached the legal limit.

MESSRS. H. AND M. (Aberdeen).—We have your "statement"—11 foolscap sheets of typescript. Drop us a post-card and tell us what it is all about.

"PLOUGHSHARE" (Farnham). — "Every word of your article is quite true." That's why we published it.

H. D. (Watford).—You shouldn't be so ready to listen to the whispers of little birds. One of these days you'll get your ear pecked.

F. H. (Nottingham).—"I think this is worthy of publication in your valuable paper." Let us agree to differ.

W. M., JUN. (Glasgow).—Morsels of "Printers' Pie" are paid for only if published. Perhaps yours was half baked.

W. H. W. (Hull).—If a saveloy man, named Hohenrein, has changed his name to C. H. Ross since the Zepp raids, he must be a naturalised Briton, or born over here.

"FRIEND."—Sorry you have been bothered by "dam prambolators" on the pavements; but the birth-rate must be kept up—and we were all carriage-folk once! When next you write, don't swear at us quite so much.

"A MAN OF THE STREET" (Hendon).—Although you have "never before written to any newspaper," you have no reason to be ashamed of the chaste product of your virgin pen.

"A TOMMY" (Leonard Street, E.C.).—The sugar famine has evidently spread to Bournemouth, but the proprietor of the refreshment kiosk—who will sweeten your tea if you drink it on the veranda, but not if you have it on the beach—must be a "very harbitrary gent."

Y. M. G.—If the money has been paid to you in error by the Paymaster, you must refund it. Thanks for the shilling for our War Sufferers' Fund.

A. K. (Gibraltar).—"What is the population of China?" Nobody knows; they have no Census law. "Where is the sea deepest, and what is its deepest depth?" That is too deep for us; we are all at sea—but we are laying odds against Southend.

C. A. E. (Sheffield).—If the Household Supply Co., Warwick Street, Manchester, does not return your money, the remedy is to County Court them. Those who do so will benefit poorer and more helpless victims.

A. K. C. (Notting Hill).—We certainly cannot print your prophecies "in a special column front page." As they "kept you awake day and night for a fortnight," and you "can't come back to nature till they are taken off your burning brain," we seriously advise you to see a medical man at once.

"SERGEANT" (Parkhouse).—Don't know enough about "a game of cards called Pon-Toon" to win tuppence.

J. A. (C. St. Peter's).—The whole question whether or not the Duke of Sutherland's gift of land, "now let at 4d. an acre," is of use for the purpose of settling retired soldiers, is one for agricultural experts.

SEC. OF KHAKI CLUB, GOSPORT.—A local appeal ought to provide your club with all the "old novels, magazines, stationery, etc." which it needs for Service visitors.

J. H. J. (Woolwich Common).—If they have interned three military bandsmen whose parents are of German birth, it looks as though the authorities were, like the South-Eastern, slow but sure. But is it really so?

R. B. (Nigg Camp).—Thanks for poetry commencing:—"If destiny has just one star, It's now I wonder where you are." What about the Three Star?

C. E. (B.E.F.).—"This journal is sent to us every week, and it goes round the platoon, and does a lot to keep up our spirits." We seek no higher praise.

"MARINE" (Mere).—"How is it the five sons of a widow can be sent out as targets, while the five sons of a farmer stay behind to keep the flies off the turnips?" Ask Dunn how it is done.

A. P. (H.M.S. ——).—That widow, advertising for a husband and saying, "No idlers need apply," evidently meant to keep the right man busy. Widows know something, you see.

"HALDANE."—"Put Haldane in the Barber's Chair." But Haldane has got corns through sitting in our Barber's Chair so long and so often.

(A number of replies are unavoidably held over.)

THE 'CAPTAIN'

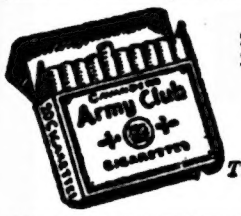
"Men of the 5th Company Blankshires—'shun. It has always been the pride of our regiment that the men turn out for inspection as smart as any troops in the country. Lately I have noticed that sometimes the pockets bulge and give an untidy appearance. In future I shall make examples of men to whom I have to complain in this respect, the only exceptions being those who have in their tunics packets of those unusually fine Cigarettes, Cavander's 'Army Club.' These men I can only compliment on their good taste. About turn! Quick March."

CAVANDER'S

"Army Club"

CIGARETTES

PRICES: 9d. for 20, 1/10½ for 50. 3/9 for 100.
FOR THE FRONT.—We will post 200 Army Club Cigarettes to Officers at the Front for 6/-, specially packed in air-tight tins of 50.



CAVANDER'S,
261, *High Street, Glasgow.*
The Firm of Three Centuries.
ESTABLISHED 1775.
London Postal Address:
167, *Strand, London, W.C.*

This series of Advertisements is republished by desire.

The Inimitable Captain Bruce Bairnsfather

writes of the inimitable Fountain Pen:

"It's a splendid pen and is proving of enormous use to me. It makes one want to write—which is a difficult job in my case, as there is nothing I dislike doing more."

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

Regular Type 10/6 and upwards. Safety and Lever Pocket Self-Filling Types 15/- and upwards. Of Stationers and Jewellers. Booklet free from:—

L. G. Sloan, The Pen Corner
Kingsway, London.

'BULLETS' WORLD'S Biggest ever made

First Prize **£1000** First Prize

£250 2ND. 3RD. **£100**

List of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 208.

CRUSHING THE HUNS
BRITISH SAILORS
THE WINNING LINE
OUR TANKS
GENERAL VON HINDENBURG
BUTCHER'S CHARGES
IN THE BALKANS
GOVERNMENT SLACKERS
KEPT IN OFFICE
THE GOOSE-STEP
TAKEN IN CHARGE
SITTING ON TRIBUNAL
FIGHTING ZEPPELINS
THE RIGHT TIME
AFTER NIGHT OUT
MADE WIFE CROSS
NOT AT HOME
DESERVES IRON CROSS
FORWARD MISS
THE CROWN PRINCE
MAKES FATHER SICK
IS MARRIAGE A FAILURE?
TINNED MEAT
ONE THOUSAND POUNDS
MOST AMAZING WHEN
IN GERMANY
FALLING IN LOVE
MAKES EVERYBODY HAPPY
WHEN WAR ENDS
PRESENTATION CIGAR
MAKES PIGS FLY
GERMAN KULTUR
DAY OF RECKONING
LOOKING FOR HUSBAND
A BAD SOVEREIGN
WORKING OVERTIME
PRICE OF BEER
PLEASING THE MAID
WHAT TOMMY WANTS
THE KAISER'S PUNISHMENT

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the forty examples given above. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letter in the alphabet.

These examples will guide you:—

Example:—
BRITISH SAILORS.
Bullet:—
ALWAYS TRUE TO COLOURS.
Example:—
WORKING OVERTIME.
Bullet:—
MANY FIND PROFITABLE.

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent.

Result of this competition will be found in our issue dated October 28th.

This week's "Bullets" Coupons will also be found in "EVERYWOMAN'S" dated September 30th.

ENTER NOW FOR OUR STUPENDOUS OFFER. YOU CANNOT AFFORD TO MISS THIS UNIQUE OPPORTUNITY.

No. Closing Date, Thursday, Oct. 12th.

Example.....

Bullet.....

Example.....

Bullet.....

(208) P.O. No.....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on the opposite page.

Signed.....

Address.....

If one coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 208, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.
Write "COMPETITION" in top left-hand corner of envelope.

No. Closing Date, Thursday, Oct. 12th.

Example.....

Bullet.....

Example.....

Bullet.....

(208) P.O. No.....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on the opposite page.

Signed.....

Address.....

If two coupons are used P.O. for 1s. must be sent.

SPECIAL RULE FOR MILITARY AND OTHER COMPETITORS.

In order to afford our Military and Naval Competitors and others living in remote districts ample time to compete, we are allowing them special facilities. Below will be found twenty examples for "Bullets" Competition **No. 209. These can be used on the coupons above, and must reach these offices on or before THURSDAY, OCTOBER 19th.** Please note that all coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **209** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons **MUST** be addressed "Bullets" No. **209**, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. Such coupons must **NOT** contain any of the Forty Examples for the present week's competition.

Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 209.

APPROACHING VICTORY	LOOKING PLEASED	OUR PREMIER	THE HEIGHT OF FASHION
GETTING TO WORK	A GOOD WIFE	MOST UNLUCKY WHEN	EVERY LITTLE HELPS
GERMAN FEARS	JUST IN TIME	CATCHING THE SLACKER	TOMMY'S BEST GIRL
WHAT ARMY WANTS	FATHER'S APPEAL	TRYING TO BE GOOD	THE VILLAGE PUB
OUR LOCAL TRIBUNAL	MAKING HIS FORTUNE	FAST AND FURIOUS	DEPRESSES THE KAISER

TWELVE THOUSAND "BULLETS" PRIZES VALUE OVER £3,000 THIS WEEK.

RECORD OFFER!

by ANY paper!

12,000 PRIZES!

TEN PRIZES OF £10	10 PRIZES OF £2:10	100 PRIZES OF 10/-	1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6	6,000 Special 'Target' PRIZES	5,000 OTHER HANDSOME PRIZES

RECORD PRIZE LIST

£1,000

£250

£100

10 of £10

AND OVER

12,000

OTHER

PRIZES

RESULT OF 205th "BULLETS" COMPETITION.

FIRST PRIZE OF £250 :—
Mr. WILLIAM RISDALE,
Somerset House, Whitehaven.
Example :—KING CONSTANTINE.
Bullet :—"CRAZY" TO FAVOUR GERMANY.

SECOND PRIZE OF £25 :—
Mr. ARCHIBALD WILLIAMS,
3, Smith's Row, Burchgroves, nr. Swansea.
Example :—ROUMANIA'S DECISION.
Bullet :—NOT TO BE "BEATEN."

THIRD PRIZE OF £10 :—
Miss S. CONNOR,
"Hillcrep," Prospect Road,
Gateshead, nr. Manchester.
Example :—THE END IN SIGHT.
Bullet :—MANAGER GIVING AWAY STALLS.
(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

TEN HOLIDAY PRIZES OF £5 EACH :—

Mr. J. McGHEE, 72, Tennyson Road, Small Heath, Birmingham :
KING CONSTANTINE—MAKES ENEMIES "AT HOME."

Rev. ROBT. E. GAYE, Skeyton Rectory, Swanton Abbot, Norwich :
SOMME FIGHTING—"CONTINUES" — TO ANNOY GERMANY.

Mr. R. J. DAWSON, 9, Rudgrave Place, Wallasey :
THE KAISER'S APPEAL—SPARE ME A "DROP."

Mrs. H. C. NICOLL, "Ermelo," Mennaye Road, Penzance :
A BIG SUCCESS—SOCIALLY, THE CENSOR'S WIFE.
(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

Miss THOMPSON, 95, Langdale Road, Thornton Heath :
THE KAISER'S APPEAL—TO TINO—"DOMESTIC GROUNDS."

Mr. D. D. DEANE, 3, The Avenue, Tenby, Wales :
THE KAISER'S APPEAL—SAVE "REMNANT" AND "BARGAIN."

Mrs. F. WHITAKER, 349, Sandycombe Road, Kew Gardens :
THE WRONG MAN — GETS MILITARY FUNERAL—HERE.

Mr. R. E. WILLIAMS, 243, Da ton Road, Barrow-in-Furness :
NOT WORTH THE TROUBLE—STRETCHING AN "ELASTIC" CONSCIENCE.

Mrs. PETERSON, 19, James St., Edinburgh :
WORKING WONDERS — MILLIONAIRE'S PROVERBIAL FIRST SHILLING.

Mr. H. CHAMPERMOWNE, Port Isaac, Cornwall :
KING CONSTANTINE—NO LUCK WITH "PREMIERS."

TEN WEEK-END PRIZES of £2 10s. EACH :

Mr. H. HASSALL, Avondale, Moss Road, Congleton, Cheshire :
SHORT SKIRTS—STILL THEY "TRIP" UP.

Mr. H. PECK, 48, Bertram Road, Smethwick, Birmingham :
ROUMANIA'S DECISION — HASTENING "SICK MAN'S" DISSOLUTION.

Mr. T. WYLDES, 21, Gungate, Tamworth, Staffs. :
FEARING REVOLUTION—THE KAISER'S "CONCLUSION."

Mrs. L. A. JESTY, 2, Douglas St., Birkenhead :
GETTING CROSS — HANDSOME CANDIDATE —LADY VOTING.

Mr. P. HALL, 10, Glebe Road, Norwich.
FEARING REVOLUTION — SELDOM ROULETTE WHEEL PROPRIETORS.

Mr. J. FINNIE, The Glen, Campbeltown :
THE END IN SIGHT—SO OUR SIDE "DECLARES"

No. _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Oct. 12th.

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(208) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

Signed _____

Address _____

If three coupons are used P.O. for 1s. 6d. must be sent.

The closing date for this record offer has been extended to October 12th.
Envelopes should be marked "Bullets" No. 208, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.

No. _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Oct. 12th.

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(208) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

Signed _____

Address _____

If four coupons are used P.O. for 2s. must be sent.

BULLETS RULES 1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2 Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed _____ and Co.

Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

(Continued from last column.)

Mr. J. H. BECKETT, 18, Frenche Road, Redhill, Surrey :
A THICK HEAD—NOT UNDER STEEL HELMET.

Mr. C. LAYTON, 234, High Street, Camden Town, London, N.W. :
A THICK HEAD—NOT THROUGH STAGE CHAMPAGNE.

Mr. JOHN JONES, Llanllienwen Farm, Morriston, Glam. :
WORKING WONDERS—MECHANICAL TOYS SELDOM ARE.

HENRY BODENHAM, Supply Stores, Clun, Salop :
THE KAISER'S APPEAL—NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR "ACTIONS."

COMPLETE LIST OF ALL CASH AND OTHER PRIZE-WINNERS CAN BE SEEN AT THE OFFICES OF "JOHN BULL."

"On good terms"

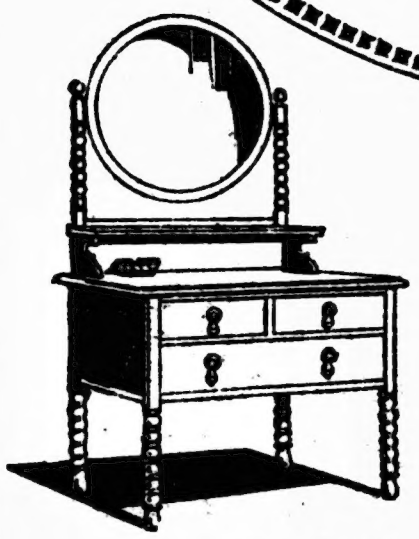
Nowhere can you furnish on such splendid terms as at the "Midland." When you have chosen just what you want out of the £100,000 worth of beautiful furniture in the "Midland" Salons, you can complete the purchase at your own convenience without paying a single penny beyond the marked prices. No charge is made for interest. There are no extras whatsoever. First and last, the price you see marked on the label is all you have to pay.

Money buys more at the 'Midland'

It actually costs less to furnish out of income at the "Midland" than to furnish for cash elsewhere. Compare the "Midland" marked prices with the cash prices charged elsewhere for furniture of anything like the same quality. You will see for yourself that the "Midland" gives you the utmost possible value for every shilling you spend.

Write for the 'Midland' Book of Furniture

It is the finest and most comprehensive Guide to Furnishing ever published. It contains over 1,000 photographs actually taken inside the "Midland" Salons. A postcard brings it free.



A particularly well-constructed Bedroom Suite in Oak, designed in the Jacobean style, finished a rich antique colour. Consisting of 3 ft. Wardrobe with leaded light; 2 ft. 6 in. Dressing Table and Washstand, the latter with marble top and tiled back; complete, with 2 rush-seated Chairs. **£12 12s. 0d.**

Ideal Terms
(Town or Country).

Worth.	Per Month.
£10 - £0	5 6
£20 - 0	11 0
£30 - 0	16 6
£40 - 1	2 0
£50 - 1	7 6
£100 - 2	15 0
£200 - 5	10 0
£500 - 13	15 0

Larger amounts pro rata.

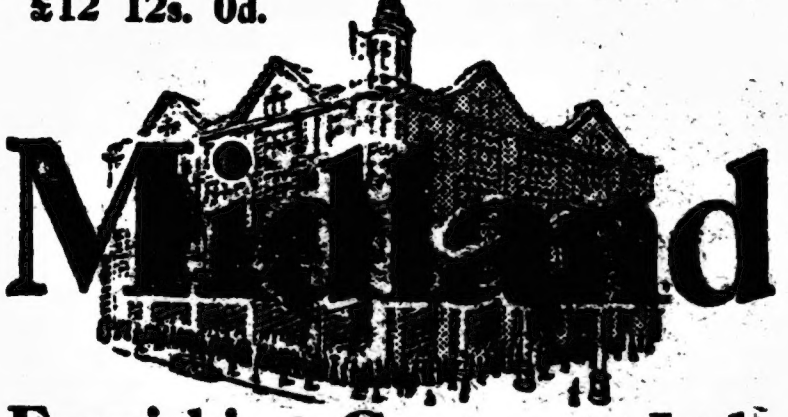
10% Discount for Cash.

Rail Fares Paid
Customers' fares to town paid on all orders of £20 and over.

Country Orders
packed free of charge and forwarded carriage paid. Orders by post carefully and personally dealt with by a Special Manager.

Free Life, Fire, Zeppelin and Bombardment Insurance.

At the "Midland," customers can obtain free insurance policies whereby **all furniture purchased on Ideal Terms becomes the absolute property of the wife,** in the event of the death of the purchaser. **All furniture** thus purchased is also **insured against damage by Fire, Zeppelin Bombs, or Hostile Bombardment.**



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